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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last years' Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original Lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of The Bookman, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in The Bookman *for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay) had a great reception in America last year, and has broken new ground with his impressions of the United States, which Messrs. Nisbet are publishing under the title of "Connaught to Chicago."

"Justice of the Peace" is the title Mr. Frederick Niven has given to a new novel which is to be published shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It is a story of manufacturing trade and art, as a novel of Glasgow life should be. His novel of Edinburgh life, "Ellen Adair," met with a strikingly appreciative reception last year. Mr. Niven is still only

thirty-six, in spite of the fact that we made him thirty-seven in our last year's note concerning him. He was born at Valparaiso in 1878.

"The Sea's Anthology," an exhaustive collection of sea-poetry selected and edited by Mr. J. E. Patterson, will be published by Mr. Heinemann this month. Mr. Patterson spent much of his life at sea, as one

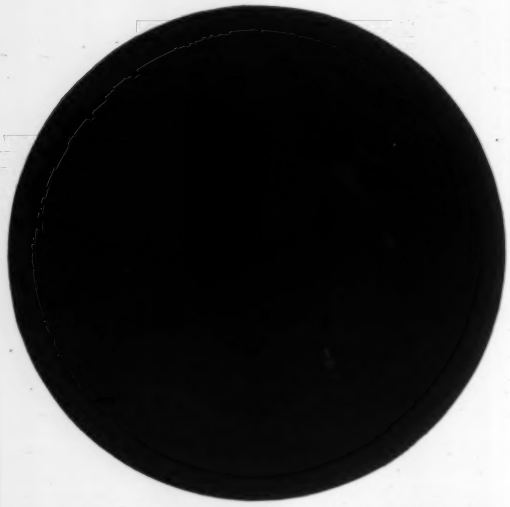

Photo by Edwin Neame. **Miss Gertrude Robins,**
whose new volume, "Living As We Do, and Other Plays," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

gathers from his "My Vagabondage," and besides taking a special interest in the greater literature of the sea has made a unique collection of naval ballads and old chanties.

Sir A. Conan Doyle has undergone an experience that comes to all successful novelists sooner or later—he has been accused of plagiarism in connection with his powerful novel, "The Poison Belt," and the following is a translation of a letter on the subject from Mr. A. P. Watt, which appeared last month in *Le Temps*:

"TO THE EDITOR,—

"The *Temps* has on two occasions, in its literary chronicle and in an article by M. Paul Souday, called attention to the strange imputations made against Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in connection with his latest book, 'The Poison Belt,' by M. J. H. Rosny, senior, at the beginning of the novel 'The Mysterious Force.' While acknowledging the impartiality with which, from the critical point of view, M. Paul Souday has thrown light on certain matters, I venture, as the literary agent of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to appeal to your courtesy and beg you to be so good as to reproduce the following letter which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, as soon as he was informed of the facts, addressed to the French translator of his latest works:

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss May Sinclair.**
whose new book of short stories, "The Judgment of Eve" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

"'DEAR MR. LABAT,—I have other things to do in this life than to keep watch on the works of M. Rosny, in order to endeavour to copy them. The first chapters of "The Poison Belt" were written almost a year before the book was finished, before I dispatched the manuscript, and before it began to appear in the *Strand Magazine*. M. Rosny relies on the fact that he had already published at

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng.**
whose new book, "A Feast of Lanterns," Mr. John Murray is publishing in the "Wisdom of the East" series.

Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **Trowbridge Parish Church.**

this time two parts of his book; but common sense ought to tell him that even if I had wished to imitate him, it would have been impossible not only to write my story, but also to have the illustrations ready for a similar production, in an interval of two months. My agent, Mr. Watt, and the editors of the *Strand* can testify that they had my manuscript in hand more than two months before its publication. It only remains then for M. Rosny to express his regret for an injurious insinuation which I should not have thought worthy of consideration if it had not been calculated to cause you some uneasiness.

"'Believe me, yours sincerely,

"'ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.'

"Although Sir Arthur's word needs no confirmation from me or from the proprietors of the *Strand Magazine*, I may add that it is clear, from the verification which I have made of the dates, that the manuscript of the first part of 'The Poison Belt' was in my hands about six months before this novel began to appear in the *Strand*.

"Thanking you in anticipation,

"I am, etc.,

"A. P. WATT."

On the 14th of this month a centenary celebration will be held at Trowbridge to commemorate Crabbe's association with the town. He entered upon his living there on June 14th, 1814. It would be difficult to imagine circumstances of locality more different than those amid which he commenced his life and those in which he closed it. The offer of the Trowbridge living came to him opportunely, after years of much vicissitude. He had lost his wife, was, by the action of his Bishop, in almost enforced residence (following many years of absenteeism) in his rural Lincolnshire parish, and was keenly feeling the isolation of his situation. Trowbridge was far removed from being

"... a large town, a wealthy thriving place,"

and was, indeed,

"A place of small resort and no renown,"

yet, in contrast to Muston, from which he removed, it was suited to Crabbe's nature and requirements; and its nearess to Bath brought him into touch with the intellectual life of the period—for almost all men of letters and taste were to be found sojourning in that city for at least a portion of every year. Crabbe's literary output was rather irregular. Twenty-two years elapsed between the publication of "The Newspaper," and "The Parish Register," in 1807; though the earlier period of his career as a writer was more prolific, "The Library" having been fairly closely followed by "The Village." The success of "The Parish Register," which made Crabbe popular, spurred him on to the completion and issue, three years later, of "The Borough," which enhanced his fame. The "Tales" followed in 1812. Having been fortunate enough to secure the patronage of Burke, and the friendship and admiration of Fox, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson, his reputation was established in literary circles fairly early; it was not, however, until the publication of "The Parish Register" that he became very widely read.

Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **The Rectory.**

Where Crabbe lived at Trowbridge.

He never really improved much on "The Village," which, with its sad, almost repellent settings-forth of the life of the poor, was a strong poem, and a wonderful sort of foreshadowing of the quite modern inquiry into the lot of the rural labourer. After his settlement at Trowbridge, he did not publish much, though he left a large quantity of material, a good deal of which was afterwards issued by his son, as "Posthumous Tales." Possibly part of "The Tales of The Hall," issued in 1819, was written in his quiet rectory, which still remains

Miss Muriel Pratt,
the young actress who made a name or herself as Fanny, in *Hindle Wakes*, and plays the leading part in Mr. Herbert Jenkins's play, "With Her Husband's Permission," at the Bristol Repertory Theatre.

almost exactly as he left it—entirely so as to the study and his books.

A new volume of poems, by Mr. Tinsley Pratt, "Wayfaring: Ballads and Songs," will be published this month by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Mr. Pratt, who is a prominent figure in Manchester literary circles, was born at Leicester in 1871. He was engaged in business in Manchester until a few years ago; in 1911–12 he was on the literary staff of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, and wrote a long article on "Drama" and numerous literary articles for their "New Encyclopædia." He is now librarian of the Portico Library, the famous old library referred to by De Quincey in his "Opium Eater." He has made a special study of Naval history, and is a frequent lecturer on literary topics. Among his published books are three other volumes of poems: "Wordsworth at Rydal," "Persephone

Photo by C. Ireland, Manchester. **Mr. Tinsley Pratt.**

in Hades," and "Harold the Saxon." Mr. Pratt is at present engaged on a book dealing with the Elizabethan Admirals.

We congratulate Mr. C. A. Bang, who is connected with the firm of Mr. Heinemann, and who, during the King of Denmark's recent visit to London, was decorated by His Majesty with the Order of Knight of the Dannebrog.

Photo by Ewart Miller. **Mr. Reginald R. Buckley.**

"Arthur of Briton," a legendary drama of very modern application will be published shortly by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. The author, Mr. Reginald R. Buckley, has combined narrative and dramatic styles and has adopted a vigorous rhythmic method in place of more orthodox blank verse. A musical and stage version is to be performed at the projected British Bayreuth at Glastonbury. Mr. Buckley, who was born at Mossley, near Manchester, in 1882, is the son of the late J. C. Buckley, J.P., a cotton manufacturer and spinner. After some little experience in a banking business, he became secretary to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons. About four years ago he joined the staff of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and has written personal studies, reviews, and articles on music and the drama, and on social subjects for *The World's Work*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Manchester Guardian*, and other periodicals. He recently published a children's operetta, "Walooki, the Bear," and has just completed a novel, and a comedy on a serious subject.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Baroness von Hutten,
whose new novel, "Mari-," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's new novel, "The Marriage Tie," which has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards, treats sympathetically and realistically of the eternal problem of the union between man and wife. Mr. Sherren's earlier story, "Windfrint Virgin," was a strong and well imagined piece of work, and from a first glance we should say that "The Marriage Tie" is an equally able book, and tells a perhaps more generally interesting tale.

The portrait of Ouida on our cover and on page 117 is enlarged from a portrait in "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee, and reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin, to whom we are also indebted for permission to use most of our other Ouida illustrations in this Number. For permission to reproduce illustrations from two of her books, our thanks are due to Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the publishers of all her principal works.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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W. L. GEORGE.

IT is, perhaps, the greatest tribute to Mr. W. L. George's talents as a writer that you either admire his work very much or dislike it with corresponding fervour. To those comfortable, easy-going, often smug-minded people, whose apparently happy and kindly disposition springs in many cases from a wilful refusal or sheer incapacity to recognise the social evils in the midst of which they lead their own lives of bland complacency, he is a positive bugbear. And naturally so. For Mr. George is nothing if not a man of strong convictions, high sociological ideas, and powerful far-reaching thought. There is nothing negative about him. When you meet him either in person or in his writings you cannot, as it were, sink comfortably into him as into a luxurious sofa. If you do not agree with him he will spur you on to fresh vistas of thought; if you disagree with him you will part amid the clash of steel. He is a born fighter, and because he is a born fighter you cannot, if you are his adversary, afford to spar away at him with platitudes. He will administer the dialectical knock-out blow as rapidly as Carpentier vanquished Wells.

Mr. W. L. George.

Nor has he fought his way to his position among the younger school of writers simply by sheer force. Like "Joey B." he is "tough and de-vilish sly." And, being "de-vilish sly," he has been quick to find out, like several of his contemporaries, that if he wants to reach the greatest possible public for his ideas there is no better weapon to his hand than the novel. Apart from those comfortable people who will not tolerate him at any price—and least of all at 4s. 6d. net—there are many persons who are prepared to take their liquorice powder so long as it has a layer of strawberry jam. They rather shrink from the out-and-out sociological book or pamphlet, but they have a serious part of their minds which they can be coaxed into developing. To them Mr. George is making his primary appeal. In doing so, of course, he is making no literary innovation. To be precise, no novel is written without some central idea; but the modern school of fiction writers are more insistent upon their ideas, more keen on driving home their gospel than such authors as Scott, Thackeray, or Meredith. With these men one feels—though no doubt to a varying extent—that whatever serious purpose lay at the back of their books, the "story" was the main consideration; and even Dickens himself was not so manifestly the preacher and pamphleteer as are Messrs. Wells, Galsworthy, and many other modern writers. In Mr. George's books this earnestness of purpose has been especially marked, and has, perhaps, tended sometimes to overwhelm the more purely artistic aspects of his work. But there is good reason to think that this will not always continue so. Mr. George's books reflect very fairly the material facts of his life and his intellectual development, and we may reasonably expect that as each tends to become more settled his work will appear less that of the Crusader and more that of the genuine and finished artist.

Born in Paris of English stock, in 1882, Mr. George was educated in France and in Germany. He originally intended to be an engineer, and later had thoughts of becoming an analytical chemist. Later again he worked in the legal and political economy branch of Paris University. Then in due course he served his term in the French army and for a while dallied with visions of taking up a commission. Finally, in 1902, he came to London and did three years of sheer commercial work in the city, which he followed up by six years' work as assistant to a mining engineer. From the time that he landed in England he dabbled more or less seriously in journalism. From 1902-5 he acted as London correspondent of *Le Voltaire* and *La Politique Coloniale*, Paris daily newspapers, and from 1905-6 he was the London correspondent of *Les Arts*. Nor did his activities end here. From 1906-9 he did a large amount of work in politics and economics, being especially interested in the land, emigration and housing questions. His first book "Engines of Social Progress," appeared in 1907, and aimed at presenting a general survey of the various organisations which are trying at present to deal with certain social evils. He set out in it the results of his own first-hand investigations into the working of Model Villages, Co-operative Societies, the Trust Public-House system and so forth, and he justly won general commendation for his rejection of obviously impracticable theories so dear to the youthful enthusiast and for his direct and strong appeal to common sense. In the following year he published "France in the Twentieth Century." The book was remarkably good, and it enhanced its author's reputation as a man of candour and of well-balanced judgment. The scope of "Labour and Housing at Port Sunlight" (1909) is sufficiently

indicated by its title, and we then pass away from works of a purely economic and sociological character to Mr. George's first novel, "A Bed of Roses," which was published in 1911. The appearance of this book marks one of the distinctive periods in Mr. George's career. It showed definitely his realisation that serious work, if administered neat by a comparatively unknown man, does not touch a large public. This novel — now in its forty-second thousand — created no little stir and was pronounced to be too strong meat by the libraries. And strong meat it certainly is. The story is that of a lady who, being left a poor widow, returns home from India and seeks honestly to make a living for herself. She tries one thing after another, she acts as governess, waitress, and so forth, and then she becomes an "unfortunate." Ultimately she acquires the means of giving up the loathsome trade, and we leave her settled in the country and on the point, so far as we can judge, of regaining a place in society by marriage. The story like "Das Tagebuch Einer Verlorenen" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is frankly "unpleasant," and gives a remorseless and blistering picture of certain aspects of our social structure. It was a daring *début* for a young writer, for any trace of mawkish sentimentality would have proved irretrievable. Mr. George, however, worked out his story with grim sincerity, and his message is to be found in the words of the "heroine," if one may so call her:

"So long as your economic system is such that there is not work for the asking, work, mark you, fitted to strength and ability, so long on the other hand as there is such uncertainty as prevents men from marrying, so long as there is a leisured class which draws luxury from the labour of other men, so long will my class endure as it endured in Athens, in Rome, in Alexandria, as it does now from St. John's Wood to Pekin."

If, then, Mr. George had now become a novelist he was still essentially the preacher. His next book, "The City of Light" (1912), marked a considerable development of his artistic capacities. Like all his other books it embodies his theory that life is a perpetual contest, and that struggling alone ennobles life which would otherwise sink into stagnation, but his argument is put in a much more artistic form. The story, which is that of a French marriage, works out his thesis on psychological lines, and illustrates the revolt of the younger against the older generation in its picture of an average Frenchman and French girls as they appear in an emotional crisis. There are passages in the book of genuine tenderness and charm, and despite its power, the story gives the impression that even yet Mr. George has not "unbent" so far as he might legitimately be expected to do. Despite its interesting representation of what he has himself described as "the facets of the anarchist mind," I have never been able to grow enthusiastic over "Israel Kalisch" (1913). There are people, I know, who have been strongly attracted by the creation of this handsome young Polish Jew, whose hard life amidst his brutal companions in Hungary, England and the United States is ultimately thrown away and wasted. I cannot realise that this picture of the anarchist or extreme individualist is probably much more true to the facts than are the stock melodramatic stories upon this subject; but the novel as a whole does not seem to bear the distinctive touch of Mr. George's other work, and this touch is, after all, one of his principal assets.

It is far otherwise with "The Making of an Englishman." This novel, which was produced within the last few months, is certainly the finest thing which Mr. George has yet done. The story tells how a young Frenchman comes to London and works in the city in what is nominally a branch, but has really become the main office, of the shipping firm started by his father. His gradual approximation—at least in externals and also in some more intimate respects—to the standards of his adopted countrymen is worked out with a sure touch. At first Cadoreau flounders hopelessly about; his clothes, his manners, his outlook are all irretrievably "not the thing." Many circumstances combine to give him his necessary education. He flirts, and ultimately goes even further, with the pretty and vulgar daughter of the house in which he lives; above all, he meets Edith Lawton, the youngest child of the head of his office, and, by learning to love her, whom he marries in the end, he comes into contact with the great, prosperous, middle classes and their social and political ambitions. The contrast between the sayings and doings of Cadoreau and English manners and customs is admirable throughout, and from what has been said of the facts of Mr. George's life it is, perhaps, hardly an undue assumption that the tale is in large measure autobiographical. Mr. George's gift of irony has never been displayed to better advantage. He criticises severely the proud, calm, stupid, unimaginative self-sufficiency of the English public-school man as typified by Hugh Lawton, and he castigates almost as mercilessly the superficially cold and over-obedient manner of the young English girl. But his sarcasm, though bitter, is never purely malicious, and his comparisons between France and England are by no means favourable on the whole to his native country.

Nor is it only in choice of subject that he has been particularly fortunate. Mr. George has now shown himself master of a distinct style. In his early days—days, in which, as he will tell you, he devoured no books but some 1,500 newspapers a year—his style was at times awkwardly precise. He has now acquired a style reminiscent of that of Mr. Wells, and he shows a consciousness that he dares to take liberties. Certainly he has worked hard enough in his apprenticeship. His miscellaneous activities have been prodigious. Foreign politics, dramatic criticism, reviews, plays, short stories, articles upon the finance of railways, education, feminism (his "Women of To-morrow" has been hailed as the best presentation which has yet appeared of the feminist movement), all these are subjects upon which he is accustomed to write. But it is, after all, as a novelist that Mr. George must now mainly be judged. His confessed object is that his novels should grow still more literary and less sociological in cast. In this, no doubt, his instincts are correct. His cast of mind will always prevent him from degenerating into the clever word-spinner, and one may be sure that the lessons he wishes to inculcate will be present as strongly as ever in his works even though they may not be thrust upon us quite so obviously as they have sometimes been. The great success of "The Making of an Englishman" should fill him with encouragement. He has made his name as a young man. He can afford now to follow the path along which his artistic feelings beckon him.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

RAFAEL SABATINI.

I.

I DO not think I ought to have seen Mr. Rafael Sabatini in that dingy office in the Adelphi. It was quite out of the picture, although romances lay everywhere in profusion, and portraits of famous authors looked down on us reprovingly as we sat and discussed the follies of the hour. It was not the setting for a man like Mr. Sabatini. I ought to have waited till he had gone to Paris and then had our little talk over a cigarette, despite the prowling authorities, in a discreet chamber of the Louvre, crammed with relics; perhaps we even might have gone to Versailles, if the weather had been fine, and sat in some pink-and-gold boudoir of a duchesse of old France and had a walk afterwards in the trim parterres of the "Tapis Vert" among the sculptured nymphs. *Hélas!* we can only be romantic in our dreams. Fate led me on, drab and grey, to the Adelphi, the haunt of publishers, the abode of Mr. Shaw, and so it was I came to meet the creator of "Bardelys the Magnificent." I have a slight grievance with Mr. Sabatini. I had at least expected that he would have worn ruffles and dangled a rapier and "made a leg" to me in the approved romantic manner. I had thought he might have offered me a pinch of snuff, with an air, from a golden snuff box elaborately chased with the fleur de lys or the crest of the Borgias—I had fed my soul on such romantic politesse—but, no, the Adelphi was too much. We were too near Mr. Shaw, whose heavy hand has crushed the frail wings of romance. We were not at Versailles, not even at Vauxhall. We shook hands in the absurd manner of the twentieth century, I to ponder on my lost romance, Mr. Sabatini to be "interviewed."

II.

There is a type of novelist who must always command our respect and admiration. Mr. Joseph Conrad is a Pole, who has taught more than one English writer the rudiments of his trade; Mr. Maarten Maartens, a Dutchman, is one of our most distinguished English novelists; and finally comes Mr. Rafael Sabatini, an Italian, master of the romantic novel. These three writers are each distinct in methods and in language. The greatest of these as a stylist is Mr. Conrad; Mr. Maartens has the most comprehensive grasp of actualities, the largest canvas for his play of human emotions; but in the rare and peculiar *genre* of the romantic novel Mr. Sabatini easily bears the palm. In his hands the thing comes very near to artistic perfection. He makes the romantic novel the very handmaiden of art. It is primarily a thing made to please, to lull us into a pleasant forgetfulness, but it achieves distinction and even greatness because the tricks of the novel are in his hands also the graces of the novel. They are not only welded together by the imagination of the novelist, but by the fine restraint and delicacy of the artist. "Bardelys the Magnificent," besides being an excellent story, is as fine artistically as a chastened goblet. There is not only the "dash" of Dumas in it, there is also the debonair high spirits of Rostand. "Bardelys" is on a smaller scale a prose "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Mr. Sabatini is, as we have said, an Italian. He was born in Jesi, Central Italy, in 1875; this in itself probably accounts for his fine feeling for romance and for his warm imaginative temperament. He was educated in Switzerland and Portugal—a cosmopolitan—and coming to this country after a training and experience of the world that could not have failed to equip him admirably for the business of romantic novelist, he settled in Liverpool. He was for a time on the *Liverpool Mercury*, then began to write short stories, and now at an age when most men have scarcely crossed the threshold of their career, Mr. Sabatini has reached the meridian of success, and can look back on his busy and triumphant past with pride and satisfaction. It is a record of work and achievement worthy of sincere congratulation.

Having thus satisfactorily disposed of our facts, let us get back to our fancies and the more important business of criticism. Mr. Sabatini represents that rare thing in modern fiction, a

Mr. Rafael Sabatini.
From a drawing by Doyle Jones.

man with a distinct individuality of method, a light and graceful style and a fine gusto of romantic narrative. He is no mere purveyor of light literature for the toiling millions—pray do not think so—there is nothing of the "coated lozenge" about his work; besides being a skilful and distinctive novelist he is also a serious historian. In his pages the whole pageant of mediæval Italy lives and moves before our eyes in a manner that for want of a better word we might call "kaleidoscopic"—but the soul of the thing is there as well as the picture. It is his supreme art to make history a living and luminous picture on the background of his romantic imagination. There is here the "dash" of Dumas and something even more precious. Dumas could write spirited and enthralling romances; none knew better than he the fine art of telling a story; he had a prodigal imagination, a riotious sense of colour and movement, could at least paint a portrait if he could not probe a soul like Balzac and Walter Scott, but he failed signally as an artist. He was too exuberant, his prodigality was a burden that crippled him and kept him to the earth. His brain was a garden in which weeds and roses grew in rank profusion. Mr. Sabatini is not a disciple of Dumas—far from it; occasionally his methods recall those of the French romanticist, but there is something far more subtle in Mr. Sabatini's work than the dash and braggadocio of Dumas. There is something more here than the clatter of a cavalcade on a dusty provincial high road, the noisy brawling of cavaliers in a country inn and the melodramatic mysteries of that supreme master of mystery. Mr. Sabatini says he is not influenced by any of the Latin writers, and I can well believe it, but the spirit and the temperament of the Latin writers are in his blood—he can no more escape it than he can escape his meridonial nativity. There is certainly more than a touch of Dumas in that high-spirited tale of how Bardelys set out to win a wife for a wager and its joyous ending, but there is also the spirit and atmosphere of Boccaccio in that superbly coloured romance of how the Lord of Mondolfo, the "Strolling Saint," went out into the wilderness to purge his soul of a sin of the flesh committed in the heyday of his young blood. This is Boccaccio to the core; rich, sensuous, delicate; a wonderful tapestry of mediæval Italy, glowing like a prism. All the myriad threads of romance are here caught up and woven into a perfect skein. "The Strolling Saint" is a masterpiece of narrative prose, and gives us a minute and detailed picture of Italy and the times that recall the lively paintings of the Umbrian School. There is another influence still in the work of Mr. Sabatini. It is brought to perfection in "The Justice of the Duke"—a series of tales woven round the diabolic career of Cæsar Borgia—the Mephistopheles of Italian history. We pass from the naïve charm of Boccaccio and his golden "days" to the picaresque wit and gallantry of Cervantes, not so much the Cervantes of "Don Quixote" as the Cervantes of the "Novelas Ejemplares." These little novels that Mr. Sabatini has woven round the personality of Cæsar Borgia recall insistently to me this minor masterpiece of Cervantes; but whether they are "exemplary" or not—either these "contes" of Mr. Sabatini or the "novelas" of Cervantes—that is a question that must be left to the discerning reader. We should not like to venture an opinion. Mr. Sabatini is such a blend. He has not studied the masters of Spanish and Italian literature for nothing.

We have come to the end of our space without saying one half of what we wanted to say about Mr. Sabatini's work. We had intended to touch upon his other novels, such as "The Lion's Skin," and his new book, "The Gates of Doom," and more serious works like "Cæsar Borgia," and "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition." We cannot close without at least one quotation. It will give one an idea of Mr. Sabatini's methods of painting a portrait. It is from that brilliant satire on the folly of human ambition, "Gismondi's Wage":

> "Benvenuto ambled on, cursing the cold and emptiness of his stomach, and thrusting his numbed fingers first one hand and then the other into his capacious mouth for warmth. His garments that had once been fine were patched and shabby; his boots were ragged, and in places a livid gleam from his sword peeped through the threadbare velvet scabbard. On his head he wore an old morion, much dinted and rusted, by which he thought to give himself a military air; from under this appeared long wisps of unkempt black hair, to flutter like rags about his yellow neck. His white pock-marked face, half-hidden in a black fur of beard, was the most villainous in Italy."

François Villon to the life in an Italian setting. We must go back to Robert Louis Stevenson for a better portrait.

III.

I have not done with Mr. Sabatini. There are lots more to be said about him and his work. He is now writing a play in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton, who was part author with him in the dramatisation of "Bardelys the Magnificent," and when I see him again it will not be in the drab and grey purlieus of the Adelphi, but in some corner of old France, a garden of Italy, and then we shall meet on romantic terms and "make a leg" to each other, remembering Bardelys, and doff our feathered hats as was the fashion in the Golden Age.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE READER.

OUIDA.*

By Walter Sichel.

IT has been the fashion to decry Ouida, who with all her drawbacks was one of the most original and romantic presences of her day. Her fantasy was eminently romantic, though with the true romance of it a strain of sham romance was doubtless blended. But this arose from no falsehood. Rather it was the outcome on the one hand of a glowing intensity cooped up and cramped in a narrow room, on the other, of a proud, ambitious independence that exaggerated the range of her powers while it disdained to modify their extravagance. She became the fanatic of her feelings. But everywhere she created an electric atmosphere of her own; even in her scented boudoirs you can hear something of the thunderstorm. Everywhere it is audible, whether in the world of her invention, or in the successive, narrower worlds of her sojourns—the small, provincial world of her childhood, the small London round of her girlhood, the Tuscan world of her fame which she took for all Italy, the fitful metropolitan world of her parties at the Langham Hotel—finally, the sad, ruined, defiant world (at Viareggio) of her struggle with fate and the keeping up of appearances. Her critics were often not worthy to fasten her shoe-strings. They saw (as who could not see?) the disarray of her thoughts, the over-colour of her style, the occasional coarseness of her delicacy, the taste that traversed theirs, and the fangs of her many prejudices. But they were blind to her wonderful grasp of life, and her vivid sympathy with every phase and form of being, brute as well as human.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Ouida.**

The melodrama of her own career inspires that of her works, and we have only to read "Friendship"—the best, I think, of her compositions—to know "Ouida." There we can discern the woman at once, generous and unjust, sensitive beyond measure to kindness, maddened beyond measure by rebuff. She is a tissue of contrasts. We can mark a nomad by sentiment and instinct, yet the loyal adherent of lost causes and lovely traditions; the attractor of notice, yet the shrinker from intrusion, a fighter for freedom, but a detester of the crimes and follies constantly committed in its name; the strong patriot, yet the born cosmopolitan; the daring, yet never the despairing, or dogmatic doubter. Indeed, Ouida was a sort of Pagan in a feudal setting, for she loved equally the Gothic church and the Pagan temple. What she abhored, were drabness and abstractions. Above all she was a priestess of intuition. Has she not herself declared that to understand intuitively is the breath of a poet's life? She gravitated to a distinction high or low, and in these respects there is a link between her, Bulwer Lytton, and Disraeli. Like a provençal troubadour she roved from the crowds of beggars to the Courts of Love. And yet to the upper middle-class (perhaps by her unlikeness) she appealed as George Eliot could never do, just as to-day Marie Corelli arouses the lower middle-class as Mrs. Humphrey Ward has never done. It is not by quick railways, so to speak, up the "problem" Rigis that the crowd is stirred. It is by passion and emotion, by pronounced types and effects, by sounding conflicts. Every vagrant on the highroad wafts a message, and when Adventure mounts the pulpit, somehow the sermons live.

Who but Ouida could boast an intermittent father—that soldier of fortune, who came and went, and went and came till he perished—who knows how—at the time of the Paris Commune? This mysterious Louis Ramé played hide and seek with his home. A scholar and a wit, the friend of Louis Napoleon, with whom he quarrelled after the *coup d'état*, absent or present, he exercised great influence over his only child. Once he took her to France and conversed with her as he alone could. For though but a French teacher at Bury St. Edmunds when he married, by all reports it is more than plain there was a dash of the fairy prince about him. This political conspirator and member of secret societies, always airily accomplished, always a fascinating riddle, early riveted his queer, dreamy, quaint, worshipping, yet self-centred child. Years afterwards, when she had published "Idalia," he was said suddenly to have reappeared and met her in Kensington Gardens. And then, after a most affectionate talk and walk and congratulations on her fame, rumour has it that he vanished like a dream. When "Friendship" came to be written, with its self-portraiture of

* "Ouida: A Memoir." By Elizabeth Lee. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Ouida in 1878.

From a crayon drawing by Alice Danyell.

From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin.)

her as "Etoile," the wistful, wayward genius, that father figures as Count Avesnes—"a black bead in the golden rosary of the happy childhood"—the high-born wanderer. She turned him into an aristocrat and "de la" was soon added to Ramé. But it is under her childish lisping of "Louisa," it is as "Ouida" that she knew herself and will always be known. Her devotion to her mother—the pretty Miss Sutton who saw so little of her husband—was the passion of her life. Never were they parted save by death. How bitter must it have been for Ouida, who had delighted in housing and clothing that mother so sumptuously, perforce at the last to have laid her in a pauper's grave.

Miss Lee has new matter for her "Life," which is no mere record, but a real picture, skilfully limned. It could be wished, however, that the materials could have been even ampler, especially for the earlier seed-time of that strange existence. And there is a slip or so. Ouida's first novel, "Granville de Vigne," written when she was but a girl, was surely not published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but in a *Military Magazine*, as she affirms in a preface. If there be further letters or diaries elucidatory of Ouida's childhood, they would be entrancing human documents—a pendant to "Contarini Fleming." Miss Lee has told us of the Deanes and the Lockwoods, of Wadhurst Castle and Lee Lodge where she could pay country visits, of the Hardwick House close by the Ramés' abode, and its beautiful park and gardens, where Ouida, "a lean, lanky girl with her father," used to walk every day. She has told us, too, how early her passion for animals began, how she took even a pebble home with her, and cared for it because she pitied its loneliness. And this was no maudlin tenderness, for she was active and vigorous, as well as pensive and retired, a good rider as well as a good reader. Everything she read, everything she remembered, though not always with the correctness required (for others) by critics. And Miss Lee has well insisted on the receptivity which absorbed all her surroundings so quickly, so pointedly, so picturesquely. In six weeks she was to master Tuscany as she showed in "Pascarèl," while her bizarre apotheosis of the guardsman as a Sybarite-hero, seems to have appealed to the army; "Under Two Flags" was

Villa Farinola.

From a drawing by Arthur Danyell.

In 1874 Ouida took up her residence at the Villa Farinola. It was situated at Scandicci, about three miles from Florence." From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

indeed dedicated to a gallant officer, and it was published before she was twenty-nine. This shy, awkward, ruminating child, with no education but that of "local schools," could early receive impressions of English country life—the life so soon to pass out of hers—which have often the sympathy and sometimes even the touch of Ruskin. The foundations of her rhapsodies were quite sound and simple. Miss Lee rightly emphasises the following from "Puck," in which the "Suffeck" labourer speaks out his mind to a Derbyshire miner. Only a part can be given:

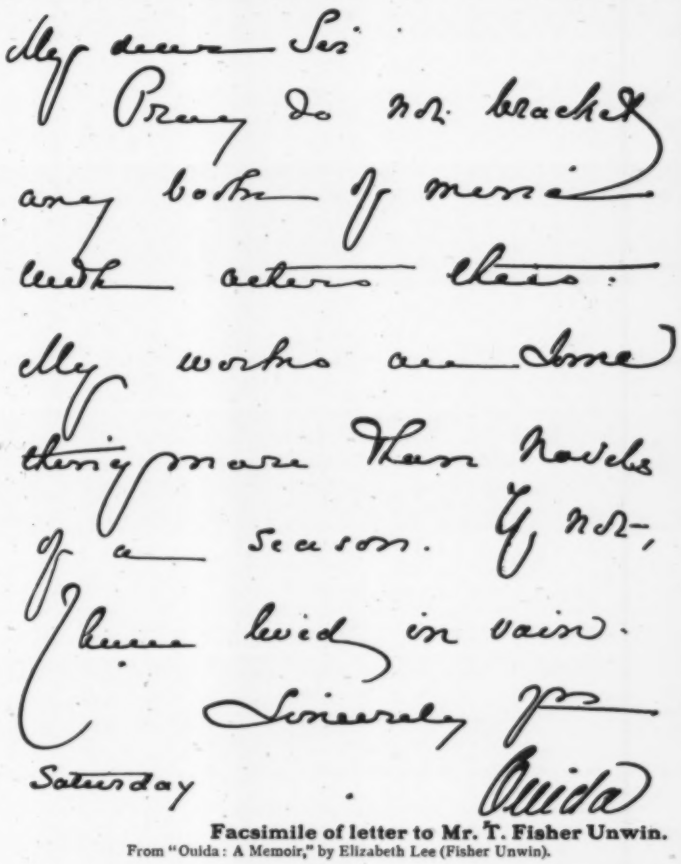
"'Tis all butifull and and flat as yor hand theer, none o't broke up into these nasty mounds o' yourn as is ony made to lame man and beast! . . ." By reason of machinery "There's many more men than theer be things to dew. I'm better off nor most. . . . . But there's a swarm o' men in the parish as dunno more'n their beasts in stye. Dunno their God; dunno their letters; never heard o' tha Queen, never put a mossel o' mutton in their mouths—dunno nothin'. Field-work is sickly-like, 'cos o' the wind and weather, and when yer comes to trampin' six mile out, and six in, and ditchin' and ploughin' all day i' the wet, it stan' to reason as how the rheumatic come hot and heavy arter a bit wi' min and wimmin tew. . . . . You see that the lands is too small and min they're too many. That's wheer it be."

But the conclusion is not at all *à la* Lloyd George:

"Gentry take up sa much o't wi' woods for shooting," grumbled the miner in answer. . . . . "Nay, nay," objected the Suffolker, "that woan't dew. Woods is health to land; in field-work ye maun gie an' take as wi' yer fellows. If you doan't gie timber elbow-room, yer soil 'll be parchin' wi' dry loike a duck in a hay-loft. If ye fell yer wood every wheers tha' land she'll gape with cracks."

Ouida knew what she was talking about. The heart of the peasant in all countries she read thoroughly. And equally (though she veneered her views, and sharpened her prejudices) she knew about Society at home and abroad, the gentleness of the really gentle folks whom it often treads down, its destruction of bird and beast, and saints, and the women who abandon themselves. Vulgar she could be (as perhaps most in bits of "Strathmore," and much of "Ariadne"), but none knew better what breeding meant. There is a delightful passage of hers somewhere about an old peasant-woman of her childhood who displayed the perfection of old-world manners.

Harrison Ainsworth helped the girl when she and her mother came to live in Hammersmith, where his cousin was their doctor. Her talent soon showed itself, unusual, sometimes perverse, but ever with a voice of its own. Always there emerged the



Facsimile of letter to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.
From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

Ouida in 1896.
From a chalk drawing by Sarmento in the possession of the artist.
From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

types of the woman who gives, the man and the woman who exact, all. When Italy came into view, the artist-Bohemian-troubadour type followed, the charm of dog-humanity, and, later, the specialised cruelty of the adventurers, whether in vice or virtue. This culminated in "Friendship," which resulted from her passion for and suffering from the Marchese Della Stufa.

The Figure of Ouida on her Tomb at Bagni di Lucca.

From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

Italy was an accident. In 1871, she and her mother had been in Brussels, where "A Dog of Flanders" was written. They journeyed to Florence and remained in the realm of romance till their deaths. Ouida has left many and intimately beautiful descriptions of English park and greensward, of Tuscan village and homestead. But in her lights and shadows of landscapes has she ever excelled the picture of Florence in "Pascarèl"? Miss Lee quotes it, and it is long:

"Very fair indeed she was, the Lily Queen, that evening. There had been shadows all day, and in the west there were masses of cloud, purple and blue-black, spreading away into a million of soft scarlet cirri that drifted before a low wind from the southward, tender and yet rich in tone as any scattered shower of carnation leaves. Through that vast pomp of dusky splendour and that radiance of rose the sun itself full shone; shone full upon the city. Leaning on the broken edge of the watch-tower and gazing down below, all Florence seemed like the seer's vision of the New Jerusalem; every stone of her seemed transmuted; she was as though paven and built with gold. Straightway across the whole valley stretched the alchemy of that wondrous fire glow, and all the broad level lands of the Validgreve were transfigured likewise into one vast sheet of gold, on which the silver olives and the dim white villages and villas floated like frail white sails upon a sunlit sea. Farther—still farther yet, beyond that burnished ocean—the mountains and the clouds met and mingled, golden likewise, broken here and there into some tenderest rose-leaf flush, miraculously lovely, as a poet's dream of nameless things of God."

Here let us leave her before the tragedies and comedies of a life at war with much and many, culminated in debt and lawsuits, in the sad and lurid catastrophes of her latter years, and in the lonely dignity of her death. That was but seven years ago, but another age of more hysterical endeavour and a less robust humanitarianism seems to have set in. Independent if perverse, disillusioned if cheered by the newer friendship of the Visconde di Sarmento, robbed of the sight of one eye, battling to the end, she was indeed a militant. But all along she received the homage of distinguished friends and foreign countries. That she overwrought herself and overrated her mission and her importance is only to say that she felt acutely the contrasts of her circumstances with her spirit. Surely Ouida had always a touch of the poet in her. Why should she not have thought so, however aggressive she may have been? Miss Lee seems, if I may say so, to over-apologise for these failings. Ouida loved the gorgeous hues which she has declared to be inherent in nature; Titian also loved them. "Yet (she exclaims) the pictures that are painted in sombre semitones and have no positive colour in them are always pronounced the nearest to nature." Such is the North.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appeal, in eight lines of verse, to the Holiday Burglar.

From a photo by Adolphe Beau.

Ouida.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of "Sorrento," Burnham, Somerset, and HALF A GUINEA to Miss R. D. Power, of University Hall, St. Andrew's, N.B., for the following:

THE ISHMAELITE.

An outcast I from the haunts of men,
And the red hearth-fires of home,
The brown-thatched roof-tree shall know me never,
No ties have I that the world can sever,—
A wanderer ever by moor and fen,
But the world is mine to roam!

Scion am I of an ancient line,
On me is the dread decree,—
Long centuries hence God's word was spoken,
"This shall be ever thy sign and token,
Every man's hand shall be against thine,
And thine against man shall be!"

Though son and heir of a captive race,
A world-wide heritage mine—
On sea or land where I will, I wander,
And Nature's riches are mine to squander,
For me no limits of time and space
The bounds of my soul define!

Nothing I claim from the hand of man,
As far from man's ways I roam,—
God is my Father, the Earth my mother,
Nature my sister, and Life my brother,
And Death, whose features afar I scan,
A friend who will lead me home!

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

BALNACOR.

O the pale shades of twilight are stealing through the trees
The old trees, the gaunt trees that sadden in the town—
And the tired noise of traffic comes floating down the breeze,
Murmurs, re-echoes and rumbles up and down,
While past the weary hedgerow the carter comes and goes,
And the dusty road is grey and never still;
(*But far away on Balnacor the golden gorse-bush grows,*
And the rabbit-folk are scudding up the hill.)

O the wee stars are hidden, almost hidden by the flare
Of big lamps, of bright lamps that glitter in the town,
And the moonshine of silver is lost amid the glare,
And great buildings, black-browed, they hide the sky and frown.
(*But far away on Balnacor when dusk comes creeping round,*
The pallid fox-glove shuts her crimson hood,
And rustling eerie noises, make a furtive, windy sound
And little queer things scuttle through the wood.)

O take, take me back to Eire and my home
The old hill, the wind hill, the hill of Balnacor,
Where the Four Winds of Heaven murmur as they roam,
And wee things with big eyes come whisp'ring at my door.
For far away on Balnacor, when all is gloom and still,
The Hidden People leave the haunted glen,
Come riding, riding, riding, till they're lost behind the hill,
O Eire, Eire call me back again.

R. D. POWER.

We also select for printing:

TO MY LADY.

A song of the sea, my Lady,
For thee I fain would sing:
A song of the sea, where mermaids dwell,
And deep in the heart of its rosy shell
The pearl is glistening.

A song of the field, my Lady,
Fain would I sing for thee:
Where the daisy shy, by the morning kissed,
Her sweet face lifts to the dewy mist;
And the lark soars, glad and free.

A song of my heart, my Lady,
That claims thee for its own:
A song of Love that is calling to thee
From the heart and the field and the tossing sea;
Of these my song shall be!

(Willis Boyd Allen, 477, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.)

LIGHT LOVE.

With careless arms you drew me close,
Nor troubled overmuch;
But I—I hid my face in fear,
And trembled at your touch.

With careless lips you stole from me
A moment's fleeting bliss;
But I—I gave my soul to you,
And thrilled beneath your kiss.

With careless laugh you turned away
Another love to meet;
But I—I saw my kingdom fall
In ruins round your feet.

* * * * *

Before the glowing sun arose
For ever we had parted.
Ah God! you went untouched by care,
But I was broken-hearted.

(Ina S. Dabbs, 14, Bradshaw Street, Moss Side, Manchester.)

LOVE'S WINE.

O, Love! life's little earthen bowl
Is far too small to hold the wine
That, from the vessel of the soul,
Thou pourest through this heart of mine!

And all that sparkling overflow
I catch in dainty flasks of song:
The coming world will surely know
Good wine that has lain dark and long!

And O, sweet magic of the toil
That art employs to fill her store:
As once the widow's cruse of oil,
These flasks will never cease to pour!

(W. Siebenhaar, Perth, Western Australia.)

DOROTHY.

Dorothy is walking in the pleasant, daisied meadow,
Young June incarnate in her pretty lilac gown;
Little breezes, playing, show a dainty silken stocking
Peeping 'mong the ladysmocks and soft thistledown.

Dorothy is hasting up the fern-banked moorland highway,
Mauve-winged butterfly she floateth lightly past,
Airy as the cotton-grass that June's sweet breath is blowing,
Bright among the shadows that the dark rocks cast.

Dorothy is standing 'mid the fragrant, purpling heather,
Poised like a sweet-pea in her pretty lilac gown,
Fresh as simple lavender that sweetens shady gardens,
Dainty as the ladysmocks and silky thistledown.

Somebody is watching as she wanders thro' the meadow,
Somebody is waiting as she flutters lightly past,
One who wants her fragrance to refresh life's lonely highway,
Her brightness 'mong the shadows that the dark days cast.

(Hylda C. Cole, Annfield, Kilmacolm, near Glasgow.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent in by Arthur Powell (Stratford, Con., U.S.A.), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Maud Goring (Montreal), Hugo Irvine (Peterhead), Ethel Talbot (Edinburgh), Dorothy Plimpton (London, S.W.), E. Tabor (Thornton Heath), Henry B. Tierney (Missouri), Enoch Daniels (Stafford), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Edmund C. S. Duval (Finsbury Park), Lois Payne (Edgbaston), Frank Dale (Woodbridge), B. M. Skeat (Guernsey), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), E. M. de Foubert (Edinburgh), Horace Fort (Westminster), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), M. C. A. (Glasgow), C. M. Ritchie (Blackheath), Muriel E. George (Lewes), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Olive Turpin (Birkdale), Leopold Spors (London, W.), E. R. (Hull), John Macmurray (Oxford), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Dorothy Dean (Bromley), W. H. Littlejohn (Ravenscourt Park), N. Grieve (Herne Hill), W. Saunders (Bradford), T. Disney (Clifton), A. G. M. Clellan (Edinburgh), R. W. King (Catford), Mary M. Wilshere (Victoria Park), E. W. Lockey (East Dulwich), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), Marguerite Wilkinson (San Diego), V. Simpson (Birkdale), Edith Brill (Harrogate), Vera Wentworth (St. Andrew's), C. W. Kent (Alderley Edge), A. M. Nadin (Cheltenham), Jas. Duncan (Rothesay), T. H. Storm (North Shields), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), P. W. Jew (London, S.E.), Clarice M. Covell (Armley), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Florence E. Boag (W. Ealing), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Alice M. Winlow (Vancouver), Selene (Headley), M. F. Atkinson (Glasgow), Leo French (Headley), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), G. Thring (Dunmow), George Fletcher (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), S. S. (Bournemouth), H. B. (Studley), Mrs. McAllister (Birkenhead), N. B. Laughton (Edinburgh), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Agnes Dickie (Aberdeen), H. W. Shrewsbury (Alford), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Haigh), Rev. John Hudson (Camberwell), Agnes Lockhart Hughes (Seattle, U.S.A.), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Mr. Scott Shaw (Sydney, Australia), R. J. Childress (Chicago), Bessie Salmon (Croydon), P. B. Goetz (New York), Halbert McGowan (Edinburgh).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Collard, of 1, Rutland Road, Hammersmith, W., for the following:

CUBIST POEMS. BY MAX WEBER. (Elkin Mathews.)

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean."

LEWIS CARROLL.

He knelt down on the ground—there lay the little lambs.

From a colour illustration by Maria L. Kirk in "Bimbi: a Story for Children," by Ouida (Chatto & Windus)

Then little Nello took his place beside the cart.

From a colour illustration by Maria L. Kirk in "A Dog of Flanders and other Stories," by Ouida (Chatto & Windus).

We also select for printing:

CRYING FOR THE MOON. By NANCY PAIN AND WINIFRED ROSE. (Laurie.)

"Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?"
LORD BYRON, *Don Juan*.

(K. Cairns, 20, Sandymount Green, Dublin.)

THE JOB. By ELLA MACMAHON. (Nisbet.)

"Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind!"
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(Miss Theodore M. Fagan, Middlegate, Northwood, R.S.O., Middlesex.)

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. (Chapman & Hall.)

"His energetic fist
Should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word."
W. S. GILBERT, "*H.M.S. Pinafore*."

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

CUBIST POEMS. By MAX WEBER. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(Katharine C. Hopkinson, Ferns, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

"I speak so much more than I first intend,
Describe so many things I never saw."
R. BROWNING, *Mr. Smudge, The Medium*.

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

THE WOMAN'S WAY. By CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'Yes!' I answered you last night;
'No!' this morning, sir, I say."
E. B. BROWNING, *The Lady's "Yes."*

(Gwendoline Jones, 2, Mirador Villas, Uplands, Swansea.)

III.—This Competition has brought in a very large number of rhyming Alphabets on living British novelists, but most of them are rather disappointing. The best is sent by Mr. George Duncan Grey, of 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare, to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded for the following:

A stands for Askew, both Alice and Claude,
B is a Barclay whom clergymen laud.
C is Corelli—more able than Caine,
And D's Conan Doyle, who dabbles in brain.
E indicates Eccott who dreams of old France,
And F's a "Forman" of modern romance.
G is a Gallon—full measure he gives,
And H is for Hardy—a classic who lives.
I's for Iota—a lady of worth,
And J is for Jacobs with cargoes of mirth.
K is a Kipling whose light never fails,
And L is Le Queux of intricate tales.
M is Neil Munro and "Splendid" his best,
And N is for Norris outlasting Time's test.
O is an Orczy that Dumas can't beat,
P is a Parker and mighty his seat.
Q is the Quiller whose quill's at Troy Town,
And R Richardson of whiskers renown.
S is a Snaith whom "Fortune" well "Fitz."
T is a Tracy of versatile wits.
U is an Upward whose tales are of courts.
V is a Vachell whose schoolboys wear shorts.
W is Watson a wizard of skill,
X is an extra not charged in the bill.
Y is two Yeats; S. L. I shall choose,
Z is for Zangwill—most charming of Jews.

The best twelve of the other Alphabets received are those by Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), I. P. White (Bedford), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Frank Dale (Woodbridge), M. Godfrey (Chelmsford), Mrs. Oliver Lodge (Upper Norwood), C. M. Hall (London, W.), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Bertha Deane-Freeman (Kingstown), Robert B. Boswell (Southampton), W. H. Stratton (Fulham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Annie E. Littlejohn, of 9, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park, W., for the following:

CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NAVVY. By PATRICK MACGILL. (Jenkins.)

This is a most arresting autobiography—a poignantly human book. It discloses in its naked reality the weary life of the navvy and his comrades, and the poverty that often leads these children of the road to sin. Mr. MacGill is a skilful writer; he tells of the hardships of the navvy with an astounding force, and yet when dealing with the glories of the open road he writes with a charming naïvety. Through the pages flits the tragic figure of a young girl, whose sad life enrages the reader against the injustices under which these workers groan.

We also select for printing:

THE MAKING OF AN ENGLISHMAN. By W. L. GEORGE. (Constable.)

Mr. George has written a very striking book. His observation is accurately critical, and his use of it is ruthless. The contrasting points of view of the young Frenchman in the English branch of his firm and the two English families, one upper and one lower middle-class, with whom he comes in contact, are not only convincing, but illuminating. No better study of a common-minded young woman has possibly ever been given us. It is by no means a delicate book; it does not deal in nuances, but it is vigorous and, with immaterial exceptions, true to life.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH. By W. J. LOCKE. (Lane.)

Romance is essentially a part of Mr. Locke, hence his wonderful gift of "colour." Here, the theme—the old story of the Swineherd and the Princess—lends itself to his characteristic airy humour and delightfully whimsical fancy, beneath which runs a more serious vein. Even the favoured of the gods—the ragged urchin who ascends the social ladder until at long last he wins the love of a real princess—is, in time, confronted by cold fact. Full of wit, wise philosophy, and clever character-drawing its improbabilities pass us by—so subtle is the charm of this most modern of fairy tales.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Builth, Llandudno.)

ÆSOP IN POLITICS. By IAN W. COLVIN. (Blackwood.)

The essentials of topical verse are that it shall be written by a man who is "in the know," and shall have the elusive quality of "snap." Added to these may be the requirement that it shall, so to speak, be eaten hot. Mr. Ian Colvin's well-known connection with the *Morning Post* is a guarantee that he will write of politics perhaps one-sidedly, but as an expert, and his verses here collected are crisp and witty enough to make the Tory slap his leg and cry "That's good," and even to bring a sarcastic smile to the lips of a Liberal.

(Edna Smallwood, 133, Highbury Quadrant.)

THE ROAD. By JACK LONDON. (Mills & Boon.)

Wanderlust—a word of inexpressible beauty, yet pregnant with unutterable sadness. It was wanderlust that sent Jack London out on The Road as a tramp—a hobo—a "stiff"—and the record of his wanderings makes fascinating reading. In a series of brilliant impressionistic sketches he tells of his tramp from California to Boston, returning to the Pacific coast by way of Canada, where he served a term in jail for vagrancy. He traces his rise from a road-kid to a real "blowed-in-the-glass profesh"—an absolute monarch of the highway. "The Road" is a fine story and passionately alive.

(F. Heathcote Briant, 109, Braidwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

Ouida.

A portrait bust in plaster by Guiseppe Norfini (in the possession of the artist).
From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONS. (Hutchinson.)

History, no matter of what country or people, to the man in the street, is usually something too dry, detailed and wearisome for him to trouble about. Messrs. Hutchinsons, however, have, in publishing their "History of the Nations" in fortnightly parts, made the ordinary man interested. Written in clear, plain English, and illustrated with numerous pictures, pictures full of interest, the many parts of this work should command a generous amount of support, not only from the ordinary book-buying public, but from the social reformer, student, and the masses.

(H. S. Pridham, 301, Queen's Road, Portsmouth.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by John A. Walker (East Sheen, W.), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington Park, S.E.), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Batheaton, Bath), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss Ritchie (Blackheath, S.E.), S. Macnamara (Dublin), Ernest C. Tanton (Leeds), Dorothy Ensor (Cardiff), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Rose Jessop (Kensington, W.), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Miss F. Bosworth (Yardley, Birmingham), Frank Haigh (Halifax), Miss B. H. Harting (Chiswick, W.), F. W. Palmer (Shepherd's Bush, W.), P. William Jew (Old Charlton, S.E.), Mrs. T. Ferguson (Clydebank, N.B.), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Miss M. Troughton (Cape Town), Mrs. Ludolph Spilhaus (Rondebosch, South Africa), M. H. M. (Hampstead, N.W.), Agnes M. Macaulay (Malvern), Edna Smallwood (London, N.), Miss W. M. Comber (Knutsford), Mabel Chilcott (Eastbourne), and James A. Richards (Tenby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. John A. Walker, of 69, Grosvenor Avenue, East Sheen, London, S.W.

DANTE'S NEW INTERPRETERS.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

WHO is sufficient for these things? I am given a comment on Dante, delivered at Harvard by the most accomplished among Anglican prelates; and before I have mastered his choice and feeling rhetoric, a new translation in blank verse, addressed from "Orotava, Tenerife," claims my reading and my judgment. I have read; not without such pleasure as would blunt a more ill-natured criticism than mine. Others, I hope, will follow my example. But, as often when a mighty name fills the text one is apt to forget preacher and sermon, so here. Dante, the symbolic single figure, standing aloft between mediæval and modern worlds, does literally strike one dumb. What have we to do save worship in silence this greatest of Christian prophets outside the New Testament? And who shall render into our everyman's tongue his "Comedy," which he never called "Divine"? He meant, by the strange title, to present a Mystery Play, or even the quintessence of all such plays, ranging from Hell to Heaven. While the preacher speaks and the versifier translates, I am listening to the *terza rima*, quoting it as a song of youth known to me by heart, sometimes approving what I catch from the interpreter, grateful to him always, yet feeling how beyond us all is the Catholic Virgil, the Italian Isaiah. For sheer originality, sovereign power, the "Muse of fire," ascending "the brightest heaven of invention," with whom shall we compare Dante? I have named Virgil and Isaiah, because he puts us in mind of both. He imitates neither. He abides alone.

I could surely go through his Tuscan pages once

* "The Spiritual Message of Dante." By Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Canon of Westminster, late Bishop of Ripon. (Williams & Norgate.)

* "The Divine Comedy." Translated by E. M. Shaw. (Constable.)

more, glancing at this English not too scornfully, in "Orotava, Tenerife," the wide sunlit waters outspread before me. But what of Harvard? Harvard is in America; and to Americans (I die pronouncing it, yet I cannot forbear) Dante will be, as they say, literature. By literature I understand all writing that was once alive and is now dead; a thing to be set on the marble slab by examiners, then dissected out—a horrid surgeon's phrase—by students. So much grammar for the text, history for the subject, psychology for the author. Unhappy poet! This medical student's attitude, with all it implies—but, mind, I am not ascribing it in the least to Dr. Boyd Carpenter—was hit off by Ruskin to his correspondent, C. E. Norton (February 22nd, 1876). He said, "Lowell's 'Dante' is very good; but the entire school of you moderns judge hopelessly out, of these elder ones, because you never admit the possibility of their knowing what we don't. The moment you take that all-knowing attitude the heavens are veiled. Lowell speaks of Dante as if Dante were a forward schoolboy, and Lowell his master."

Even so, Ruskin. To be modern, literary, Bostonian, was by no means to produce a poem outsoaring the Dantean, but to feel raised above it. I suppose that Lowell, himself no common singer at his best, did feel thus; although on what grounds he, or any man living in the nineteenth century, could vindicate that superior mood, I am puzzled to imagine. Not, as is clear, because of a grander music, a more cunning art of composition, a deeper insight into motives and character, a presentment of persons and features more lively; for in these things Dante remains supreme. Was it in spiritual vision? Alas, that vision had grown dim. Or in philosophy? The philosophy of Lowell's time was chaos, and Emerson its well-satisfied exponent. The "miracle-believing faith" which lighted Dante on his perilous way had pretty well faded back to scepticism in New England, when Lowell wrote. Is there vision at Harvard now? I cannot tell; but, if any, I am sure that it will not yield us a diviner song.

If these are bitter truths, they are wholesome. Modern self-conceit, proud of its contrivances to make bodily life easier, does not willingly own that its treasure-house of the spirit has been sacked, laid open to storms from every quarter, and often turned to a refuse-heap of sensualities, superstitions, products of hysteria, and very dismal "varieties of religious experience." Much of all that Dante would have consigned to the lower circles, in his "blind world" where no light comes. On the other hand, America breeds idealists, like the late Phillips Brooks and the founder of the "Noble" Lectures at Harvard, to whose institution we owe Dr. Boyd Carpenter's discourses. Such Americans, while most good-tempered and beneficent, move on the vague general outline of Christianity which I, for one, associate with New England worthies. The "Noble" Lectures themselves would spread abroad "the influence of Jesus," and show it in all departments of human life, taking into view history, art, letters, and whatever else. Dr. Boyd Carpenter chooses Dante, not for dilettante remark, but as exemplifying by his character and his poetry the spiritual experience of a man of genius. The bounds of treatment are set by the Bishop's audience, not less than by the simple fact that neither Bishop nor hearers can be pictured standing at the poet's angle of vision, which was the faith of Christendom in the year of Jubilee, 1300 A.D.

To follow these contrasts up would be an enlightening piece of criticism. Space and time forbid; however, I will throw out one illustration. To the lecturer Dante is a lonely soul, whose conversion from sense to spirit, by journeying as a pilgrim in the unseen, makes the copious matter of his song; and, of course, that will be granted. But he was not alone as the Puritan is, or Bunyan's solitary pilgrim. There is the difference, vital to our story. He had always a guide—first, the classic tradition personified in Virgil, then the Catholic faith glorified in Beatrice. Dante learns as a disciple whatever he is taught, and goes whither he is led. An American pilgrim, I suspect, would not be so teachable. Under correction, it appears to me that the special form of the poet's religious discipline is too faintly marked in these otherwise beautiful and often touching addresses.

Beatrice, who cannot be resolved into an allegorical myth, as the Bishop well brings out, is in fact one of the definite Christian personalities, like St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Benedict, and St. Bernard, that meet and welcome the traveller on his upward path. She is real, as they are; and if we recognise in the exquisite womanly traits a human tenderness, our justification is at hand, not merely in the "Vita Nuova," but much more in those severely loving words with which the sinner's reconcilement is made sure, as he ends at the stream of the Earthly Paradise that long adventure. I would define Beatrice not as Theology—too cold and abstract a rubric—but rather as the living genius, the angel, of Revelation. Dante's religion is, of course, not without system, any more than the human form is without anatomy. But every part and parcel of the system takes us on to the individual persons, angels, saints—demons themselves likewise—of whom it exhibits the several aspects. Catholicism has a theology, but is far from being exhausted by system. Thus I am brought on to the keynote of the Harvard Lectures, which is the recurring word, "Love." Bishop Boyd Carpenter strikes it repeatedly with effect. "To give such a message, in such unexampled splendour of form," he considers, was Dante's vocation—a calling not to be fulfilled except at the price of exile, poverty, and seeming defeat. It is the "drama of a soul," which concludes with a song of thanksgiving. Yes, but it is something more.

As the much-discussed letter to Can Grande shows—and Mr. E. G. Gardner warrants my taking it for a genuine work of the poet—Dante had, like St. Paul, attained to some high rapture, in which the universe, bound by a golden chain of love, lay open to his sight. The burden was laid upon him in that lightning flash of a prophecy to be written. He shrank from it, for his courage was of the desperate kind (in this, Italian), alive to dangers only too well-assured. In the "Paradiso," where Cacciaguida, his ancestor, speaks with him of the sufferings in store, this proud Florentine, who was to sentence his generation without appeal, makes no boast of his fortitude. The lecturer, who has looked closely at his subject and is always gentle, gives Dante credit for a depth of affection and of pity, for a certain simplicity of heart, very much resembling Shakespeare's, as we know it from the "Sonnets." I question, however, if

the Englishman could hate as he himself loved—divinely. The Italian hated for ever. True, he would say in defence, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity." The "Inferno," which Symonds thought cruel, and which deserves the name someone has given it of a "dismal chant," is nothing else than "punishment, the other half of crime"; sin become tortured flesh, anguish of soul, in shapes as loathly as itself. The "Purgatorio," says our commentator finely, brings before us men who are anxious to escape, not the results of ill-doing, but the servitude to vice which prompted their ill-doing. When the penitent mounts up into Heaven, sphere after sphere, he learns that he is beholding symbols, not the realities of which he could not bear the brightness and live. But in the triumph of Christ an endless life, and "the glory of going on," reveal what mediæval Christians understood by Paradise with its Vision Beatific.

The soul had then supreme rights, and its demands were profoundly human. After long eclipse it is now showing, once more, I say, through the luminous photosphere of philosophy, far within it as the Life of Life. Dante, leaving a spiritual record in the music of his dream, answers to a call repeated on many a modern instrument. For he has written the story of man's progress, drawn upward by "the Love that moves the sun and all the stars"—the story which completes the Book of Job, transcends Goethe's fragmentary unsatisfying "Faust," and shines with lights of Plato, whose ideals become in the Christian empyrean at once motives and attractions, awakening desires that they more than fulfil. In terms like these I would sum up the Harvard Lectures: Admirably phrased, with perfect eloquence to commend them, such lessons justify to others than practical Americans the labour and ensuing delight of so many of us, to whom the "Divine Comedy" is our daily bread.

Dante.

Kirkup's sketch of the Giotto Fresco rom "The Spiritual Message of Dante" (Williams & Norgate).

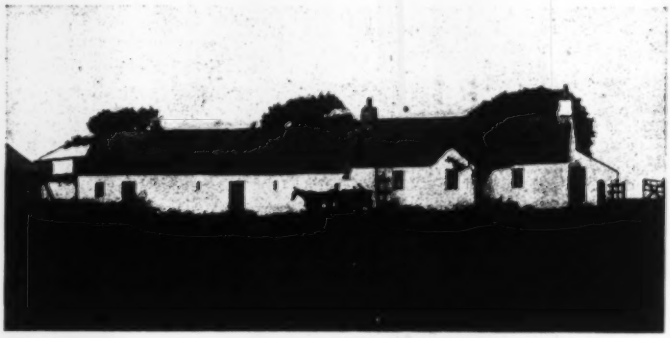
But what of this new translation? We have Cary, not yet antiquated; Longfellow is good in the letter; Plumptre yields a pleasant rhyming version; and for the parts best known one could cite more names. I began with a feeling of reluctance to turn over the pages of Mr. E. M. Shaw. This too was against him. He had simply printed his lines, without a note, an index, or so much as a number to them; and, of all poets, Dante requires the broadest margin for comment. I soon remarked that this was not a line-for-line equivalent; but "conciseness, the very soul of Dante's verse," it had, with strong English turns and strokes not unhappy. In many places, however, the blank verse halts; in some it is unfinished (a treason to the original); and, unless my ear deceives me, the Italian names are now and then falsely accented. There is also not unfrequently a lack of distinction where the Tuscan idioms have at least propriety. Mr. Shaw has resolved that he ought not to use quaint or archaic or even English biblical terms; but, after all, Dante wrote six hundred years ago; and his language sounds to Italy now much as the Scriptures do to us in King James's recension. I have marked lines which pull one up with a jerk, when slight inversions would have made them go trippingly on the tongue. Some decided failures, I grieve to say, must be registered; the worst, perhaps, is that most difficult inscription over the gate of Hell, which no rendering I have come across gives to satisfaction. Those who put Cary's verses beside Mr. Shaw's will not, on the whole, see much reason to prefer the new attempt. Yet, if I went into details, I could point with approval to many examples of simplification. I will instance the episode of Francesca, which all the world quotes, and which is better done than by Cary. As I am precluded from the only thorough method of testing a work such as this, by specimens largely analysed, all I can do is to set down my general impression. Expecting to be turned away by the ruggedness of ordinary blank verse (journeyman's art, not the master's), and certainly vexed by needless modern locutions, which are but commonplaces from the street, I ended my reading of the entire volume pleased and even thrilled, as at a good clear copy taken from the unsurpassable original. Mr. Shaw, to my surprise (for I know not that he is a metaphysician) renders the abstruse philosophical passages, due in the main to St. Thomas Aquinas, exceedingly well. At certain points where I waited to catch him, and where the poetical demands are at their highest, as in the concluding section of the "Purgatorio," success attends on his efforts. By the way, translators ought to keep the Latin titles of Church hymns given by Dante, because of their suggestive association; but in an English version the Madonna should be called Mary, not Maria. These comments are endless; moreover, I have little studied Dante in other languages than his own. Here is the opening of the final Canto ("Paradiso," XXXIII.) from which any reader may judge of the qualities which Mr. Shaw brings

to so formidable a task. It is St. Bernard's orison to our Lady, Englished by Chaucer in the "Second Nonne's Tale," which please compare.

"Mother and Virgin; daughter of thy Son;
Humblest and highest of created beings;
Determined goal of the eternal counsel:
Thou, thou art she who hast ennobled so
The human nature, that its very Maker
Scorned not to make Himself his own creation.
Within thy womb was lit again the Love
Whose heat has made this mystic flower grow
In an eternal peace. And here thou art
To us a noonday sun of charity;
And among mortals down below a fount
Of lively hope. Lady, thou art so great,
Thy worth is such, that whoso seeks for grace
Without recourse to thee, his wish would fly
Having no wings. For thy benignity
Not only succours him that asks for help,
But freely oftentimes prevents the prayer.
In thee do loving-kindness, piety,
Magnificence, and all there is of goodness
Within the creature meet. Behold this man,
Who, from the lowest hollows of the world
Up to this height, hath seen the lives of spirits
One after one; who supplicates thee now."

S. R. CROCKETT.

REALISM and romance are matters of temperament. Some men are born with a desire to wring the strange, bitter truth out of things: the ordinary, wholesome truth does not satisfy them. Others wish to extract from life its picturesque and wilder beauty. They, too, are discontented with the homely, work-a-day look on the world. Starve a boy's awakening power of imagination of beautiful works of art, and if he has the creative faculty he will develop into a fond lover of romance, and if he has the critical faculty he will become a violent realist. As our modern industrial civilisation does not feed the general mind with things of beauty, all our art is a vehement swing to either extreme. The romantic movement lasted longer in our country than it did in France, because we were too lazy of intellect to criticise, while the French were so busy analysing their feelings that they could not find time to give them full play.



The Duchrae, Birthplace of S. R. Crockett.

S. R. Crockett was born, 24th September, 1860, at Little Duchrae (Black Craig) in Galloway.

Mr. S. R. Crockett began to look about him during the last phase of our romantic movement, when its poetic eddies were travelling to Ireland to stir the genius of Mr. Yeats, Mr. Synge and Mr. George Russell, and when its prose eddies were circling up to Scotland to touch Andrew Lang with a yearning that he was never able fully to express, to set on fire the dilettante temperament of R. L. Stevenson, and to die away in a play of tender sentiment and fancy in Sir James Barrie. It was from Barrie and Stevenson that Crockett directly received the stimulus to express the emotions of romance which were struggling within him. The idyllic influence of Barrie seems to have been the first to reach him, but the influence of Stevenson was more congenial to him: it went deeper and lasted longer.

The strength of the native impulse to romance in Crockett was even stronger than it was in Stevenson. It was an unfastidious, uncritical passion born of the imprisonment and famishment of a young, eager imagination. Bred on a lonely farm on the rolling Galloway wilderness of heath and rock, the tall, handsome, perfervid, red-haired Celt underwent the extreme rigours of ancient Puritanism. The wild waste of heather, in which he was born in 1860, was the last

Bank House.

Mr. Crockett's house at Penicuik.

The Chalet, Penicuik.

The chalet or cottage (near Bank House) in which Mr. Crockett wrote most of his books.

fortress of the bleak fanaticism of the fighting Covenanters, and his people still held to the strange fallacy that all the grace, beauty and splendour of life belonged to the devil and must be avoided as snares to the soul.

To read the plays of Shakespeare was as great an offence as to go to a theatre: and all poets and novelists were regarded by the Cameronians of Galloway with more severity than the early Puritans had regarded them. The only books the young Crockett was allowed to read were books about the Covenant and stories of the sufferings of the Covenanters. Happily the preachers of the Covenant were men with a noble way of writing. Crockett's namesake for instance, Samuel Rutherford, whom Milton so bitterly attacked, could handle English prose as finely as the great poet, and there were other men of his school with similar powers of expression. The gleams of gold in Crockett's romances are reflections of the treasures he discovered in the old Covenanting writers, when he had found a way of putting his few books of religious instruction to a strange imaginative use. The lonely boy wandered about the craigs and heather, and turned the wild scene into a theatre of romance. He was a hunted Covenanter, pursued by the murderous, ungodly troopers of Claverhouse, and any moving thing on the sky-line—a bull, a wind-shaken pine, a cloud-shadow fleeting from the brae—was Claverhouse himself, intent on spilling the blood of the last of the faithful. So the little lad was able to work himself into a frenzy of fear, and give his imagination that bent towards a love of fighting which became his chief characteristic as a novelist.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **S. R. Crockett.**

He began to work on the farm at an early age, as even a child's hands were useful to the struggling household. He was up at five o'clock, and all through his life he continued to rise at this hour, for early rising was a habit with pleasant memories. One of his cousins was a farmer-ploughman who had been to Canada and acquired larger ideas than the rest of the family; and finding in the boy an unusual play of mind, he used to take him in the fields before the day's labour began and make him read fine poetry. This illicit pursuit of the pleasures of the imagination led to Crockett smuggling a copy of Shakespeare's plays into his bedroom and liberating his soul therewith.

Then came the happy meeting, which he has told with some fictitious colouring in "Kit Kennedy," with an admirable classical scholar, by whose help the rough, strong, ambitious farmer's boy was able to win a bursary of £20 a year for four years. At the age of fifteen he went up to Edinburgh University, and studied there on nine shillings a week. He had an attic in a house looking on Arthur's Seat, and he cultivated the muses on a little porridge, according to the best traditions of Scottish learning. Paying annually £11 away in fees, he had only £9 left for food, lodging, clothes and books; and finding this insufficient to keep him alive, he worked at journalism, writing on everything and sending articles everywhere. At nineteen, he obtained a travelling tutorship through the kindly offices of Jowett of Balliol, and after wandering through almost all the courts of Europe with his pupil from Chicago, reached Siberia.

This was the flowering time of his passion for romance. After a long period of solitary study and hard, grinding work on oatmeal and penny buns, he moved, a happy spectator, through a world of picturesque luxury and alien charm. For the rest of his life, first as a minister of the Free Church and then as one of the most popular novelists of our period, travel in the unspoilt parts of the Continent—Spain in particular—was a necessity to him. By it he renewed his feeling for the romantic. Several of his numerous novels are directly inspired by his rambles in foreign parts. One can see that in each case he aimed at translating into fiction the thrill of strange beauty he felt on his happy holiday tours.

But none of the tales so inspired is equal to his early Galloway romances, such as "The Raiders." The trouble with him was that he was too ready to respond to any kind of romantic atmosphere. He was like a man who had once suffered so severely from starvation that the sight of any sort of food made his mouth water. He was not critical of his own emotions, but stirred to composition by the slightest wind-ripple of feeling as well as by the deepest current. And as the deep current of his emotion ever set towards the moors and crags, where he had played at being a hunted Covenanter, the full power of his fine imagination was only provoked when he wrote about the scenes of his youth. He was the last of the old Puritans of Galloway, in spite of himself. The influence of Samuel Rutherford was profounder than

that of Shakespeare, and it is by such portraits of his own folk as "The Stickit Minister," and by such historic studies of his own race as "The Raiders," that he will live. His romances of foreign inspiration are workmanlike, brilliant compositions, but they are wanting in imaginative vitality. Perhaps he felt this; for in his last work "Silver Sand," published on the day when the news of his death at Avignon was received, he has returned to Galloway in the days of the Covenanters and written one more sequel to his best work.

SHAKESPEARE PERSONALLY.*

BY DR. T. E. PAGE.

THIS volume reproduces in six chapters, of about forty pages each, the "Lectures on Shakespeare" which the late Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh, for thirty years made a part of his "Course on English Literature." During that time he "constantly revised and added to them," and in accordance with "his own wish expressed shortly before his death" they have now been published by his daughter, who states that they may be regarded as containing "the substance of her father's lifelong study of, and thoughts concerning, Shakespeare."

Taking for a sort of text the well-known saying of the commentator Steevens that of Shakespeare personally we know almost nothing, the writer sets out to show that we know a great deal. Unhappily, however, he excites rather than satisfies our curiosity. After a preliminary chapter on the importance of "Biography in General," he proceeds to deal with the "External Evidences" as to Shakespeare's personality, but except for some reference to such points as his "singular pecuniary prudence" and "care for worldly respectability," the so-called "evidence" on which he really dwells (pp. 37–67) turns out to be purely negative. He discards the sound legal maxim *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio* in favour of the more dubious principle that *omnis negatio est determinatio*, and urges that we can form a real conception of Shakespeare by dwelling on the things we should expect to know and do not. None of his contemporaries has much to say about him, and he says nothing about them. He never talks about himself, nor makes any comment on the wonderful age in which he lived, refusing to let "the fiercest explosion of contemporary incident draw an utterance from his pen." He saw all other life with an eye that nothing escaped, and is stirred by it to utmost splendour and exuberance of speech; but when he looks upon the world around him he is dumb. Being the greatest of English writers, he is careful in his will "twice to mention" a particular "broad silver and gilt bowl," but of any regard for the future of his own works there is "not the least trace." In fact, wherever we most look for some revelation of "personality" there Shakespeare seems most exactly to evade us. "We see him," says Professor Masson, "sitting by himself . . . silent, non-obtrusive, non-opinionative," and seems to think that he has drawn a picture. But do these negative adjectives make us really "see" Shakespeare? Most assuredly not. Rather they increase our perplexity, and only make the darkness which enwraps his "personality" more sensible and profound.

But though "external evidence" fails us, though when we have gathered up the poor fragments of our knowledge as carefully as we can, we know Shakespeare himself no better, and the gap which separates the thrifty gentleman who prosecutes "Philip Rogers for £1 5s. 10d. for corn and malt" from the creator, say, of Hamlet or of Prospero seems beyond bridging, must not the poet reveal himself in his works? Professor Masson has already stated that Shakespeare seems, in his plays, deliberately to avoid doing so, and, although in his final chapter he speaks of the sonnets as "autobiographical," revealing what he calls a "metaphysical mood" and a strong tendency to dwell on the ideas of "Death, Time, and Mortality," yet he elsewhere allows that they are "a barred antique jewel-chest which no key has been found to fit." None the less he thinks that careful study may discover much, and accordingly in his third chapter he discusses the "Chronology of the Plays," because he considers that "the chronological order of their production" will throw light on "the changes of Shakespeare's mood and the progress of his mind," while after examining them individually we may then proceed to "deduce from them collectively" what were "Shakespeare's inmost purposes and view of things, his philosophy of life and history." He holds that however "free Imagination certainly is"—and in dramatic poetry its freedom is of the largest—yet it is still "dependent on Personality," that, as Shakespeare himself says:

> "Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
> From whence 'tis nourished,"

and that, as "every play contains a *meaning*" which can be "evolved" if "all the plays are duly studied . . . and their meanings rolled, as it were, into one, Shakespeare himself may stand before us very amply indeed."

Nor can any one doubt that there is much truth in this. The works of any writer who is distinctly creative must leave a certain impression as to the personal qualities of their author. We necessarily imagine him to be such-and-such a sort of man. But obviously the image thus conjured up will be largely subjective. It will be formed of the complex of those impressions to which a particular mind happens to be sensitive, and where a writer is so infinite in variety as Shakespeare the image formed by different minds may clearly be almost Protean in its character. It can never be "Shakespeare himself," only what he seems to be to some individual. And, indeed, this is all that Professor Masson can show us. Having indicated that by some elaborate critical process we might "evolve" an exact image of his personality, what he in fact does is to point out certain things which strike himself forcibly. Indeed, he has no space for more, since what he has to say about the plays is compressed into some sixty brief pages (134–190), in which he refers to such points as the

* "Shakespeare Personally." By David Masson. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

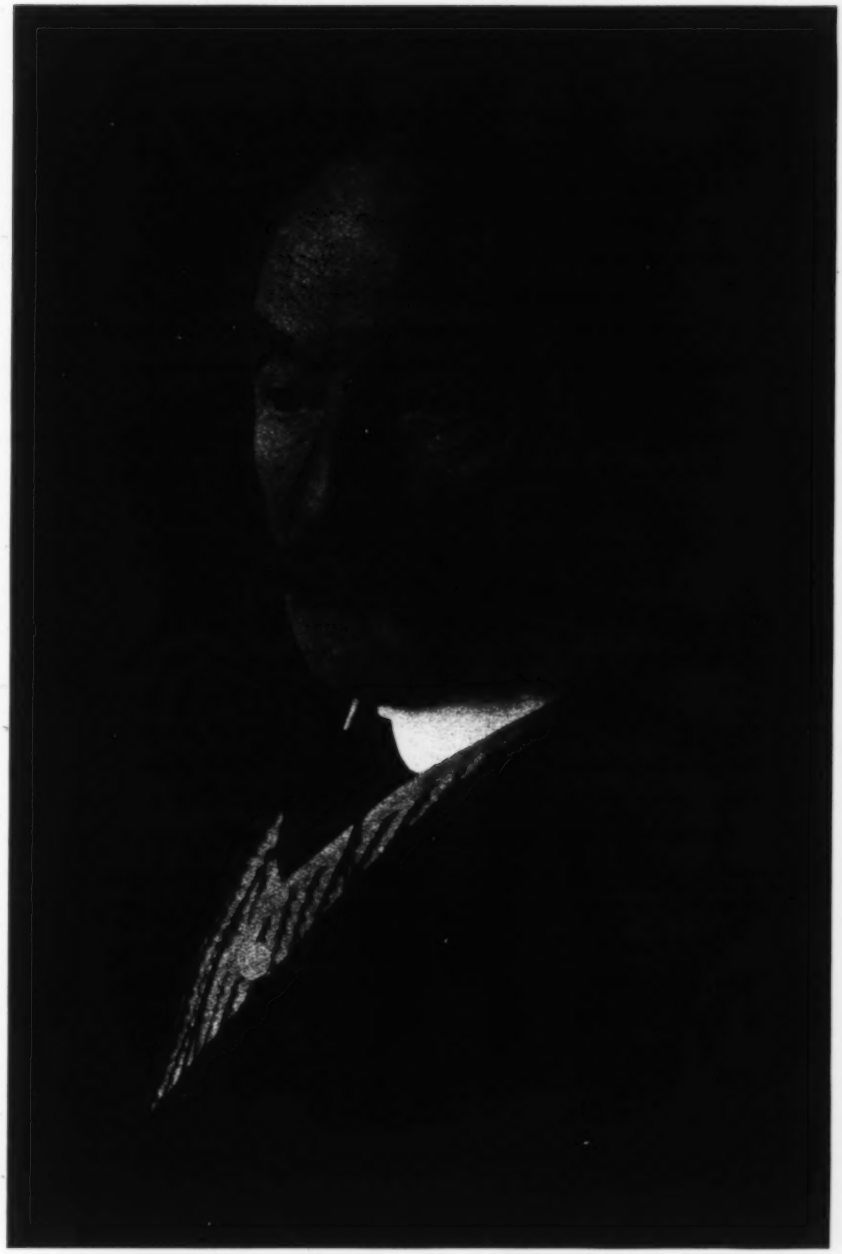


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Thomas Hardy.

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"intensity" of Shakespeare's ideas, or his sense of "a demonic element, supra-human and infra-human" in the universe, while he traces the progress of his moods from the "Romeo-Proteus-Biron mood," to the "Jacques-Hamlet" one, the "Coriolanus-Timon" variety, and the final "Prospero-mood," with its "masterly and contemplative calmness and kindliness as the result of life-long experience." And then he points to his "Recurrences and Fervours," as showing what thoughts were most constantly present in his mind or stirred an exceptional emotion, remarking, for example, on his continual sense that life was but "a stage" and its seeming realities only "the fabric of a dream," and diverging into such odd matters as the poet's frequent references to Julius Cæsar—there are "about twenty, and they may not be all,"—or his apparent "dislike of wigs and false hair." He, in fact, does admirably what a lecturer should do; he suggests how his hearers should endeavour to make Shakespeare, each of them for himself, a living person—"to see" him, in fact, as a real personality. But beyond being thus suggestive he really effects nothing. And how should he? In default of all positive information of any value the real human "personality" of Shakespeare continually eludes our grasp. We cannot possibly "see" or know him as he lived and moved. We hear a voice, and are conscious, as it were, of a great presence; but those who say "Methinks I see him," when questioned closely can only answer, as Hamlet did, "In my mind's eye, Horatio," and that mental vision will always take shape and colour largely from the imagination that evokes it.

New Books.

PARNELL.*

The promised, if not the threatened, book is out, and, to tell the truth about it, it seems a pity that much of it was ever written. It was prompted by a quite uncalled-for statement by Mr. O'Brien, to the effect that Parnell was "rather the victim than the destroyer of a happy home," and that, had he been allowed to go into the witness-box, the divorce would never have taken place. It is equally a pity that Mr. O'Brien entered into the fray. For we are now to understand that the writer's own children by Captain O'Shea urged her to the task in vindication of their father's memory. In things of this sort Silence is a good horse still. It is to be regretted that no disinterested adviser was at hand to say "why can't you leave it alone?"

We could have done without many a strain of rhetoric that is rather trying for the general reader. We have, for example, the writer's assurance that Parnell was not "one who balanced her welfare against the clutches of a light o'love with all the foolishness of callow degeneracy, so fondly imagined chivalry by the weak"—whatever that may mean, even to herself. Such a theme wants a more sober handling. Nor do we much like: "The freedom of choice we had ourselves claimed we acknowledged for others, and were wise enough to smile if, in some instances, the greatness of our offence was loudly proclaimed by those who, he knew, lived in a freedom of love more varied than our own." There is such a thing as the dignity of history, after all, when such a theme and such a protagonist, in at least one of the parties, are in question. One shivers a little at the easy-going references to the unhappy husband as "Willie." And when one hears of a "letter from my sister-in-law . . . proving, I think, very conclusively that my little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas," the shiver becomes a shudder, do what one will. The scheme of letting the child be baptised as a Catholic, as a further blind for the husband, is also a veritable pig upon bacon of queer taste. The particulars of the frolicsome tour with the first husband, and of the naughty Spanish don who tried to induce the lady to exchange signals with him from her balcony, fall into the same category of matter that would have been better ignored. The whole business is tragedy from first to last, and, if handled at all, it clamours for handling in the tragic way.

As it is, nothing is spared us, not even the mere machinery of their secret correspondence (by no means all political) when he was confined in Kilmainham. Most of the letters were written in invisible ink, and smuggled out by arrangement between friends outside and, perhaps, hirelings within. They were also addressed in a variety of names, and to different places. Some of them were bogus compositions meant to lull suspicion if they fell into the wrong hands. This is just the sort of thing we have to put up with in divorce cases, but usually it is left to the detectives and the chambermaids, while the principals consider it no part of their duty to peach on themselves. No wonder one of the most enterprising of the "ha'penny illustrateds" has acquired the full serial rights, in the present publication, and warns off poachers alike in Great Britain and the United States. In the latter country, we believe, a 'scoop" is the classic word for the feat. The rights extend to a free use of the numerous illustrations, not even with the exception of facsimiles of handwriting—a thing, one might fancy, enough to make Parnell turn in his grave. The husband figures as prominently as the lover in this extraordinary narrative. We hear how he was well-nigh broken by the expenses of the election in Clare. His chief rather ungratefully characterised him as "just the man we did not want in the party," and sneered at him for mounting the hustings "dressed to kill." At the wife's instance, however, he promised "to do his best to keep Willie in Parliament, and to secure County Clare for him should the occasion arise"—a promise "both Willie and I were very anxious to secure." Some years after, in 1886, but still well before the divorce in 1890, Parnell went to Galway, as his opponents declared to force Captain O'Shea on the electors, and with success. The candidate, however, denied that he owed anything to the intervention. The occasion was memorable for Biggar's open and public denunciation of the dictator's intrigue with Mrs. O'Shea. This at any rate must have opened the husband's eyes, for shortly after, as the wife now assures us, their relations became "strained." The vindication would have been more conclusive if fuller reference had been made to this point. It is hateful, however, to gainsay Mrs. O'Shea's repeated assurances that Captain O'Shea was no partner in his own dishonour. He went through the usual torments of a person on the rack of a situation of this kind. He had his suspicions, apparently as far back as the beginning of 1881 when he talked of challenging Parnell to a duel, he quieted them down, he forbade the house to his tormentor, he brought him back to it on a misgiving that he had done him wrong, and, though nothing came of it, he wrote the challenge in due form. In 1890 only did he seek his remedy in divorce. As a Catholic, probably, he must have shrunk from such a proceeding until the craving for release became imperative. In fact he did seek another way by laying the case before Cardinal Manning and other Roman ecclesiastics. But they soon were at cross purposes about it, and it fell through.

* "Charles Stewart Parnell. His Love Story and Political Life," by Katherine O'Shea. (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). 2 vols. (Cassell). 21s. net.

The real interest of the work lies in its second volume, on the negotiation of the Kilmainham "Treaty." Treaty it was; that is abundantly clear. And why not? What's in a name? It seems incredible that the battle royal in Parliament and in the Press should have turned less on the negotiation itself than on the paltry side issue of its nickname—such is the terror in politics of calling a spade a spade. The Government turned eyes of injured innocence to the sky, and declared that such a thing had never entered their minds. Yet all the while, with the aid of Mrs. O'Shea, and, indeed, mainly of the deluded Captain himself as intermediaries, they were haggling over every detail of the terms of peace with their prisoner. The *pourparlers* went through all the solemnities of protocol and second draft, none the less though they affected the form of a mere private conversation on public affairs. Mrs. O'Shea never once minces the matter; with her it is treaty throughout. And few treaties surpass it in the gravity of the matter in hand. The Government badly wanted a gaol delivery to save their faces, and, moreover, they were deeply concerned in the success of their Land Acts and other economic measures that were in a manner independent of Home Rule. They knew what they were about. Those measures have gradually transformed Ireland, and given her the exemplary patience with which she now awaits the issue of the constitutional question. The root of the matter was the question of the conditions under which Mr. Parnell would consent to give the economic remedy its chance. Had he refused all co-operation, Ireland would have been once more in the throes of revolution; if he had given it too readily, he might have lost his right to hold a watching brief for the cause as a whole.

The point of compromise was found at last, and he regained his freedom with every promise of the happiest results. But the fanatics on the one side threw all into confusion again with the atrocity of the Phœnix Park, and those on the other with the wholesale lying of their "Parnellism and Crime." Once more the prospect brightened with the exposure and suicide of their wretched tool, and then again came the storm-cloud of the divorce suit. The whole country was shocked and disgusted, and it lost all chance of righting itself when Mr. Parnell refused the concession of temporary retirement. Mr. Gladstone, infinitely his superior in statesmanship, had urged no more than the withdrawal "at the present moment" from the leadership, but the spirit that had always found it hard to bend had now to break. The crisis discovered the weakness of his nature in the arrogance which superficial observers had so long mistaken for the source of his strength. Other times other manners; that quality is a poor equipment for leadership in our day. The majority wanted him back; they meant to have him back; but they would not relieve him of his penance of exile. It was their way of righting themselves with themselves, and he would have shown more respect for it if he had been blessed with more knowledge of men. It was at least a rudimentary conscience in public affairs. The canting hypocrites who tried to make it a stigma for Nonconformity were the loudest in the demand for his utter ruin as the price of his fault.

The work is indexed, and it has illustrations which, while they are fairly sufficient in quantity, in quality leave much to be desired. They suggest much rummaging in photograph albums that have felt the hand of time. One published elsewhere shows the writer as an invalid. It is a pathetic figure, and it would have been more so if she had shown a nicer choice in her salvage from the waters of oblivion. There is much in the work that is out of keeping with the evening of life, and with the cast of retrospection generally associated with the occupancy of a Bath chair.

RICHARD WHITEING.

DEAR MATT PRIOR.*

In the prim and very proper mid-Victorian days one would naturally not expect to find much attention paid to the Muse of Matthew Prior in the anthologies of that time. It does, however, find a place in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," published in 1861, but is represented by only one specimen, a similar honour to that accorded to Pope's. The poem chosen by the editor was the ode beginning: "The Merchant to secure his Treasure." Although, undoubtedly, a charming piece, a more extended search might have revealed one of more exquisite quality, such as that addressed "To a Child of Quality"—a poem which was eulogised by Swinburne as "the most adorable of nursery idylls that ever was or will be in our langauge." Prior's verses were during his lifetime extremely popular, but their attractiveness dwindled considerably not very long after his death. We find Charles Lamb, some hundred and odd years subsequent to the poet's death, lamenting that "dear Matt Prior" was "nowadays too much neglected" and affirming that "in his own way he was unrivalled." And in these times we doubt whether he is appreciated as he should be, but if he is, this happy result may be placed to the credit of Mr. A. R. Waller, the very able editor of "The Writings of Matthew Prior," published in two volumes in 1905 and 1907 respectively by the Press of "that sacred nursery of blooming Youth" which ministered to the poet's wants, viz., Cambridge.

Mr. Waller, by having free access to the Longleat MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Bath, was enabled to print many poems and much prose never before published. Among the former the most treasurable was the delightful character-sketch, "Jinny the Just." Even if no others had been added that poem would in itself have been almost sufficient to justify the publication of the new edition of Prior's writings, but when it is remembered that it contained the "Dialogues of the Dead" in prose, enough will have been instanced to show how important were the additions to Prior's works made by Mr. Waller. And if during the past few years there has been any increase in the number of Matt's admirers, suitable acknowledgment is due to his enthusiastic and painstaking editor. But should such a consummation not have been attained, his labour of love will have been duly and gratefully appreciated by those who know how to appraise a task well and skilfully accomplished.

In furthering Mr. Waller's endeavour to extend a knowledge of Prior's genius, Mr. Bickley's "Life" of the poet is of noteworthy assistance. It is a capital piece of work, and holds firmly the attention of the reader from start to finish; one, moreover, which, when the last page has been read, leaves us with a regret that the end has been reached, and with a feeling of gratitude to the author and affection for the subject whose life-story has been unfolded. There is much in Prior's life that one may regret; much, too, in his writings that one cannot away with, but when all is said the final feeling is one of affection for a lovable man and a very delightful writer. Why he is not better known is not very understandable. One of his lines—"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less," frequently, if not almost, invariably misquoted—is used by many unacquainted as to its source.

Not only was Prior a poet—a verseman he calls himself—and a delightfully witty and whimsical letter-writer, but he was also a diplomatist, who at various times did the State some service, and whose actions once led to his impeachment for treason, although he never appears to have undergone any real trial for that supposed offence. He was, nevertheless, kept in detention for over a year. He always seemed to have a good opinion of himself, and was ever mindful of his own interests. This latter particularity does not always make for scrupulousness in conduct. One of his most delightful "Dialogues of the Dead," that between the Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More, must have been written with a peculiar fellow feeling for the astute cleric.

Of humble origin—his father was a joiner—he was born in 1664 at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, and on his father's removal to London he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained but a short time, as on the death of his

* "The Life of Matthew Prior." By Francis Bickley. 7s 6d. net. (Pitman's.)

Matthew Prior.
From "Life of Matthew Prior," by Francis Bickley (Pitman).

father, his mother, whose means were scanty, was unable to provide the money for his continuance at that institution. He then was employed by his uncle, Samuel Prior, a vintner, and the proprietor of the Rhenish Wine House in Channel (now Cannon) Row, Westminster. Here he attracted the notice of the Earl of Dorset, and was by that nobleman again sent to the school he had so lately left. Thence, in time, he proceeded to Cambridge, where his friend, Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, then was, and in due time graduated B.A., and ultimately became a Fellow of his college, St. John's. After a time as tutor to the son of the Earl of Exeter, he was appointed, through Lord Dorset, secretary to Lord Dursley, ambassador at the Hague, and occasionally during the absence of the latter took charge of the embassy. Subsequently, both here and elsewhere, he performed diplomatic duties under and as deputy for other chiefs—Lords Portland, Jersey and Manchester. In London he held office as Under-Secretary of State in one or two departments. For his participation in the secret negotiations preparatory to the Treaty of Utrecht, he was, as before mentioned, imprisoned for over a year The Government pension which he had been awarded was taken from him, but he was befriended by the family of the Earl of Oxford, and was given a property, Down Hall, in Essex, in which he was as greatly interested as his favourite author, Horace, was in his Sabine farm. The account of his journey to take over this property is immortalised in his ballad of "Down Hall," one of his most boisterously happy productions.

Mr. Bickley's delightful book is principally devoted to Prior's intensely interesting and useful career, but enough space is devoted to his literary work to whet the appetite of those to whom Prior's writings are unknown. Much of his poetical work is negligible, but there will remain, one would judge, for all time, many of his less pretentious pieces which will be valued for their abounding humour and perfection of craftsmanship. Of his prose works the before-mentioned "Dialogues of the Dead" are of excellent quality, and these were only printed, after remaining so long in manuscript, in 1907. Our only regret is that in the space at our disposal no specimens, either in verse or prose, can be quoted.

A few misprints are noticeable: "Paris" for "Prior" (p. 174), "Merie" for "Merit" (p. 258), and "Dining-room" for "Dancing Room" (p. 267). On page 273 an intrusive "and" in the line in which it occurs lessens the incomparableness of the "incomparable letter in verse" to "My noble, lovely, little Peggy" and destroys the scansion. These are minor matters; still, it would be better if they were rectified in another edition of a work over which many happy hours have been spent in the reading. It is a book to be strongly recommended.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE NEW HUMORIST.*

On the stage, Mr. Abraham Potash and Mr. Maurice Perlmutter are the most amusing pair of low comedians that have been seen in London for some years. But it is better to study them in their original form, for the stories of Mr. Montague Glass, "Potash and Perlmutter," and "Abe and Mawruss," are more closely moulded on life and more richly packed with entertainment and interest than is the play that has been built out of just a small part of the material they contain. Mr. Glass is an admirable humorist. He has perhaps learnt something from Mr. Zangwill, and something from Mr. G. H. Lorimer, but he has also the unpurchasable gift of originality; and in the curious little world of the New York costume-makers, which the migrants from the Russian ghettos occupy, he has discovered a fine field for the exercise of his remarkable powers. There are many shrewd, incisive touches of realism in his most farcical sketches, and, amid all his play of humour and sentiment, he depicts the actual life of the crowd of Russian Jews who are vehemently working their way into the web of American life. We see them using the Freemason lodges for business purposes, and cheating relatives and friends with an astonishing lack of conscience. Not a man among them appears to trust another; they are all avid of wealth, and trampling one over the other to grasp it.

But, as Mr. Glass goes on to show, the Russian-American Jew is still a fine fellow in his way. He has a hard mind and a soft heart, and by giving Abe Potash the mental qualities and Mawruss Perlmutter the generous impulses of the race, and then setting them in continual debate over every detail of the business they conduct in partnership, the author provides us with a wildly funny and yet enlightening study of his fellow-believers. Of the two books, the sequel, "Abe and Mawruss," strikes us as the richer in humour. The dialogue is an incessant joy—the dry, fierce wit of the East Side of New York, larded with the juicy rhetoric of the Oriental imagination. Not since Mr. Dooley and Hennessy were at the height of their powers have we read conversations so amusing as those of the calculating Potash and the impulsive Perlmutter.

MR. WELLS LET LOOSE.†

Free from what? That is one's first question, and it is never very satisfactorily answered. War has gone, and national jealousy, and individual appetence and greed—and they all vanish in the next eighty years, at the first explosion of the new continuous bombs. The old bomb exploded and killed—and then left a desolate peace; the new bomb pours out destruction, radium-born, for years and years. Terrified by its potency, the rulers and the thinkers of the world, huddled together by one little French diplomatist, Leblanc, meet among the Italian

* "Potash and Perlmutter." By Montague Glass. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"Abe and Mawruss." By Montague Glass. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "The World Set Free." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

hills and ordain a new beginning for the world. And the world responds. Mr. Wells is at his best in these generous, rather cloudy generalisations. It is true that this new world is much like other anticipations of his. The people of the world shed their animosities and live keen, clear-eyed lives; though there are still places where a man can get "real personal, passionate life, love-making, eating and drinking for the fun of the thing, jostling crowds, adventures, laughter." Selfishness slowly disappears, and anger, and place-hunting—and all at the bursting of the bomb. Mr. Wells' fancy ranges widely, now revelling in grim little descriptions of battle and death, now in ironic comment on the kings and rulers of the world, now in awed admiration of science and laughing contempt of law and politics, now in exultant challenges to the sun, at last snared by man. He gives us this vision of the future through the lips of different personalities—Frederic Barnet, an autobiographical novelist, "short, sturdy, inclined to be plump, with a 'rather blobby' face, and full, rather projecting blue eyes"; this Barnet was in the Last War, and gives us his account of it. Then we learn of the Council in Italy mainly through King Egbert, "the young king of the most venerable kingdom in Europe"—a patriotic claim which we trust the successor of the Roman Emperors will forgive. And the spokesman of the new order is Marcus Karenin, the dominant member of the Educational Committee of the World Set Free.

Freed by what? That question Mr. Wells answers plumply. By science, and by science he means, as do so many, invention. It is an odd and pathetic illusion. For years man has gone on inventing—and no inventions have touched more than the surface of his nature, affected more than an alteration in habit. But there are always a few people who believe that all this invention must make a difference. Years ago, Mr. Wells lost his heart to the ingenuity of things. What religion and philosophy, and the slow tradition of sense, are accomplishing by degrees, he believes may be done in a flash by "science." Surely, surely, he exclaims, men cannot go on being so stupid, so blind to the splendid opportunities of life. Well, if they can, they must be shocked out of their stuffy, animal callousness. So Mr. Wells summons a comet, or the Martians, or a new bomb—and, struggling through the blood-stained sheath of old prejudices and desires, comes the New Man, free and fearless and defiant. This new man in his new world is vaguely religious, vaguely idealistic, quite practically devoted to the guild and garden-suburb ideal, quite frankly contemptuous of "the narrow scandals and petty spites and persecutions of the small village, that hoarding, half inanimate existence away from books, thought, or social participation, and in constant contact with cattle, pigs, poultry, and their excrement," quite anxious that sleep should become a thing of the past, and that every one should be highly excited all the time.

It is a confined, urban little ideal, this of Mr. Wells. He would set the world free from dogmatic religion, and law, and anger, and race—and he contentedly, nay, rapturously leaves it enslaved to that most tiresome of things, modern civilisation. Marcus Karenin hails science as "something greater than our little individual selves. It is the awakening mind of the race"; and then he goes on to rejoice that the world no longer takes pills, but pulps its clothes every week. It may seem a small point, but it is typical of Mr. Wells' mind that he should think a man whose clothes are compulsorily pulped, more free than a man who is, at any rate, not bound to consume pills.

"The World Set Free" shows again that Mr. Wells, with all his skill as an observer, with his real ingenuity of thought, and his sincere passion for progress, has but little knowledge of the heart of man. He knows well enough that others do not feel the muddle of things, the dirt, the discomfort, the desperate unhandiness of modern nations, as he does; but he forgets that in not feeling these things, people really escape a vast deal of the distress occasioned to him. And most of us have something which Mr. Wells has not. We refuse to admit this dominance of material things. The pigs and poultry not only do not disgust, they even please quite a large number of human beings. Most of us still enjoy sleeping, and have no desire "to take a tabloid or lie in some field of force that will enable us to do with an hour or so of slumber." Unashamedly we are beginning to think the inventions of science rather a nuisance. We know how the crafts and commerce all over the world have been ruined by them; and we think it is time they were stopped before they ruined more of the beauty of life. The effortless, over-easy, arranged existence of Mr. Wells' Utopias has its temptations; but it has huge moral dangers of which he seems quite unaware. And if those dangers are implicit in the inventions of scientific men—well, those inventions must be smashed. After all, in spite of Karenin, science is still man's servant, until and unless he chooses to make it his master.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S STORIES.*

The problem of the short story perennially recurs. By what standards are you to judge it? What is necessary for its success? When does it cease to be a "short story" and take on the commercial habiliments of a novel? This question of length is possibly the most difficult of all to answer. In an Introduction to Miss May Sinclair's new volume of stories, there are tales of "inhuman cuts" and "ghastly mutilations" which must surely rouse every writer's sympathy. But editors are often obliged to be ruthless, particularly if the advertisement manager has been more than usually successful. If you choose to submit stories to the magazines, you must be prepared for anything.

It is, however, a little curious to read that certain critics have approached this question of length in regard to Miss Sinclair's work. You would have thought that a writer of her eminence would have been immune. In point of fact, the first of these eight stories "The Judgment of Eve," which runs to something like sixteen thousand words, has been accused of being a novel "boiled down," though, as Miss Sinclair points out, for all the "story" it contains, it could very well have been written in five lines. On the other hand the last of her stories, "The Wrackham Memoirs," which is not much shorter than "The Judgment of Eve," has "incurred the opposite reproach," even with the ghastly mutilations of an American editor. And this is the odder inasmuch as "The Wrackham Memoirs" is a masterpiece, a work of the most delicate wit, painted on a canvas which, you imagine, nine readers out of ten will judge to be too small. It may be perfectly true, as Miss Sinclair tells us, that Wrackham himself, who is a "best-seller" of the usual kind, deserves not a sentence more than he gets; but the story does not deal only with Wrackham. Yet on this question of length it is surely the author who must be the final judge, and had it not been for her Introduction, the question would not have been raised in this review.

Looking into these eight stories, it is easy to say that they are of unequal merit. Most collections are. It will be fairer to say that they hold very various appeals. "The Judgment of Eve" itself is the tragedy of a woman who dies of excessive child-bearing. It is beautifully told, but gloomy and harassing. In places it stings. The impression which Miss Sinclair intended to produce must assuredly be produced, but you are glad that it was written as a short story and not as the novel, the non-existence of which some of her critics are apparently regretting. "The Return of the Prodigal" is the poorest tale in the book. It approaches the ordinary level of the magazines, and "The Gift," which concerns the literary output of a young lady, may be more to the liking of Miss Sinclair's fellow-writers than to that of the ordinary reader. She herself professes to like it best of all, but gives as her

* "The Judgment of Eve." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

reason the fact that "it betrays its (naïvely obvious) inspiration." And that is explanation enough.

It is when we come to "The Fault" that we meet with a story such as few authors could write. It is not the plot which particularly attracts—there have been stories of this kind before—but the subtle delicacy of the workmanship. Miss Sinclair has been compared to Henry James amongst others, but for what precise reason it would not be so easy to say. Perhaps there are similarities—the use of the oblique narration and so forth—but here in "The Fault" as in "The Wrackham Memoirs," to be described in a moment, Miss Sinclair is unmistakably herself, working in her own particular way, satisfying every literary instinct there may be. "Wilkinson's Wife" is hardly less subtle. "Miss Tarrant's Temperament" has an old-fashioned touch about it—perhaps it is an earlier essay—and "Appearances" has just that quality of "unexpectedness" which some think so necessary to the short story.

And then comes the gem of the collection. Not for a long time has such a story as "The Wrackham Memoirs" appeared. It is rare comedy, with laughter hovering about every one of its sentences. A great man of letters dies, and his quiet funeral is attended by Charles Wrackham in the black cloak which, of course, has been photographed for the public Press as often as its vain-glorious owner. Wrackham sells in his millions, and so he can properly go to this funeral and mourn the loss of a rival. It is magnificent. And then when he himself dies, the materials for his Memoirs are given to the very man who has been chosen to edit the life of the great man of letters. This poor wretch is in love with Wrackham's daughter, and a choice has to be made. Not even in this peculiar country is it possible for the same man to write the lives of Ford Lankester and Charles Wrackham. There are possibilities here of which Miss Sinclair certainly makes the most. It is the most joyous story of the year, alone sufficient to make of this volume a prize.

It is curious to note how admirably adapted to all these eight tales is the title of the first of them. This does not often happen.

RALPH STRAUS.

PARSIFAL.*

There is naturally a boom in "Parsifal" just now. To use the language of the cinema, it is the very latest of "releases," and all concerned want to make the most of it. They will have to hurry up; for its days are numbered. "Parsifal" has always been magnified because it has been remote; it has now come to our own doors, and it will be found out. It has had an unnatural and exotic past; it will have no future, and when the interest of curiosity is satisfied, it will lapse into the populous limbo of famous operas that are never performed.

It is all rather stale. There is scarcely a person or situation that is not drawn from the earlier works. Let us see. When the curtain rises we are introduced to Gurnemanz, a knightly and lengthy moralist, who immediately recalls the Landgrave, Henry the Fowler, King Mark, and other Wagnerian specialists in leisurely bass narrative. Familiar "Luftross" music is heard, and in rushes Kundry straight out of Waltraute's scene in "Götterdämmerung." She throws herself down (like Siegfried in the sulks), and then a knightly train appears bringing in the wounded Amfortas very carefully from the third act of "Tristan." There is a little pretence at conversation, but, generally, Gurnemanz goes on for ever. He refers to the mysterious Kundry in phrases borrowed from the Ortrud music in "Lohengrin," and narrates the adventures of the Holy Spear as Sieglinde narrates the adventures of the Magic Sword. His lengthy oration is punctuated by a sudden commotion, and there enters from Act I. of "Siegfried" a young boorish cub, ignorant of his parentage, and rejoicing in his rude health and brute force, in demonstration of which he has just shot an arrow into the first act of "Lohengrin" and killed a swan. Gurnemanz reproves him to the strain of the bird allusions in "Siegfried," and Parsifal then breaks his bow as Siegfried breaks Mime's swords. The dead swan is solemnly carried out on a litter—just like the dead Siegfried. Kundry, who hints that she knows as much of Parsifal's parentage as Mime did of Siegfried's, then expresses a desire for sleep in phrases that recall the similar wish of Fafner the Worm. The scenery begins to change as it does in the "Rheingold," and Gurnemanz and Parsifal walk towards the Castle of the Grail described by Lohengrin and inhabited by knights from "Tannhäuser." Here the wounded Amfortas has hysterical outbursts recalling those of the wounded Tristan and the reckless Tannhäuser (the persistent "Dresden Amen" emphasising the latter resemblance), after which we observe that the first act of "Parsifal," like the first act of "Tristan," culminates in the production of a cup. The knights sing a short selection from "The Lovefeast of the Apostles," and the act closes.

Act II. begins with the gloomy, sonorous music of "Siegfried," Act III. The curtain goes up and shows us the figure of Klingsor who, although he is compounded of Alberich and Hagen, assumes the role of Wotan and summons a crepuscular lady from the depths of the earth. It is not Erda, as you had at first supposed, but Kundry, though the sleep music justifies your first guess. Then occur mutual recriminations like those of Telramund and Ortrud in Act II. of "Lohengrin"; after which a sudden change of scene brings us to Act III. of "Götterdämmerung." Here Parsifal has humorous and amorous adventures like those of Siegfried with the Rhinemaidens and Tannhäuser with the Sirens; but the proceedings are interrupted by the sudden appearance of Kundry in gorgeous garments and voluptuous attitudes borrowed from Venus in Act I. of "Tannhäuser." Kundry having informed Parsifal that he has, like Tristan, a reversible name, quiets his agitation with one of Brangäne's soothing songs, tells him about his mother (as Mime tells Siegfried) and then tries to awaken his love by returning him the lengthy kiss that Siegfried gave Brünnhilde. Parsifal here changes from the healthy Siegfried to the priggish Lohengrin, and Kundry borrows something from Isolde's great narration to relate how she saw the Saviour, and laughed, and how his look smote her to the heart. Then the Venus strain is resumed until Klingsor appears with Wotan's spear which he hurls at Parsifal. That adventurer seizes the weapon as it flies, and at a sign from it the castle and garden crash to ruin like the hall of Gunther in "Die Gotterdämmerung."

In the third act (several years having elapsed) Parsifal, like Siegfried, appears with his costume changed from the rough scanty garb of a savage boy to the elaborate equipment of a man-at-arms. He has Telramund's coat of mail, Brünnhilde's shield, Wotan's spear, and Siegfried's sword. Moreover, his face is covered with the Tarnhelm. When his garb of war is removed you find that he is made up to resemble the traditional pictures of the Saviour. Gurnemanz tells him of all the ill that has befallen the inhabitants of the Grail Castle, just as Waltraute tells Brünnhilde of the waning of the gods in Walhall. Echoes of the spring music in "Die Walküre" indicate that Good Friday's blessed season is reflected in the dawning beauty of the valley, and Gurnemanz and Parsifal pace on to the hall by means of the "Rheingold" moving scenery. Sonorous funeral music greets us as we discern a train of knights carrying Titurel's body on a bier—just as we meet the funeral train of Elizabeth at the end of "Tannhäuser." The incidents of the sacramental scene are repeated, and Parsifal stands among the adoring knights with Lohengrin's dove suspended over his head.

I have been trying very hard to avoid the least hint of parody, knowing quite well that burlesque is not necessarily criticism. My aim has merely been to show that "Parsifal" is not a new creation, but an anthology. It repeats the situations and characters of the earlier works, and repeats.

* "'Lohengrin' and 'Parsifal.'" By Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)
"Le Wagner de 'Parsifal.'" Par Gabriel Bernard. 5 francs. (Paris Albert Méricant.)

them, of course, without the freshness of the original inspiration. All our old friends are there, except Mime and Beckmesser; and, having regard to the frequent *longueurs*, we think of these absent ones with some regret. I should repel very vigorously any suggestion that I am guilty of irreverence in referring so lightly to the sacred Cup and Spear,—the Spear that wounded the Saviour and the Cup that received His blood. The irreverence is not mine. It is with those who bring such tremendous and hallowed associations among the cheap and tawdry properties of the stage. When I see the point of the Spear made to glow crimson in the limelight, or see the Cup lit up from within by red electric bulb lamps, my only emotion is a thrill of indignant shame at such a blatant exploitation of our religious instincts. I am moved, deeply moved, by the spectacle of worship and devotion, even though I may not hold the faith that prompts such ecstasies; what I cannot tolerate is the exploited imitation of those ecstasies. In the one case you have reality; in the other a sham, and the worst of shams, namely, a holy sham. The Passion Play may be offered me as one excuse and defence of "Parsifal"; but there is no analogy. The Passion Play is (or was) a visible expression of the piety of unsophisticated villagers. Will it be urged that "Parsifal" is the expression of the piety of Covent Garden singers and managers?

The offence of "Parsifal" can be summed up in the word I used above. From end to end it has the note of exploitation. Its story and situations are on the plane of "The Sign of the Cross." It owes its effect, not to any fervour of inherent faith, but to limelight and stage trappings. Parsifal at the end is made to resemble the figure of Jesus, and the resemblance is exploited to the last degree. When Kundry anoints his feet and wipes them with her hair, I shudder, partly because I know how painfully near the ridiculous such sublimities may be on the stage, but chiefly because I hate to see the associations of such a scene so exploited. Whether the life of Jesus should ever be represented on the stage is a question I shall not touch; but surely there can be only one opinion about the gross affront of using the incidents of sacred story to give fictitious glamour to the situations in an opera. I do not need to be told that Wagner wrote a drama on the subject of Jesus and incorporated some of it into "Parsifal." The whole point of the offence is that this is *not* the story of Jesus.

It is an anti-climax to descend to a consideration of "Parsifal" merely as an opera. Very little need be said. The work does not justify itself even by its own interest. Much of it is dull, and it exhibits throughout some of Wagner's worst faults—the curious literalness and materialism that some people, oddly enough, consider an excellence, and the appalling prolixity that betrayed him so often, even in such a piece of occasion as the "Siegfried Idyl," which is twice as long as it should be. The use of the motives is much less happy than in the "Ring." One gets heartily sick of the "love feast" theme, the "faith" theme, and the "Dresden Amen" long before the first act is over, and the sickly, canting phrase that accompanies the promise of the "Pure Fool" is dragged in so often that I cannot hear it without irritation. The beauty of "Parsifal" is the beauty of moments; and those moments can be enjoyed without the tedium and offence of a stage performance. The Grail Scene of the first act is a fine and legitimate concert piece—the entry of the alto and tenor choir at "Den sündigen Welten" being a specially beautiful moment that, for an instant, recalls Palestrina. The agonised speeches of Amfortas come near the height of Wagner's finest passages of tragic music; parts of the long scene between Parsifal and Kundry are excellent; but lovelier than all is the exquisite idyl familiar to everybody as the "Good Friday" music. The best of "Parsifal" can be heard in the concert-room, and to that it will inevitably come. The Wagner who will endure on the stage is the Wagner who wrote "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger."

The two books that have prompted these remarks are characteristic of their time and place. The excellent little English handbook is the enlarged re-issue of a work published ten years ago. It is duly ecstatic and reverential, with occasional excursions into mystical philosophy. The French book is a product of the recent performances in Paris. It is full of bright, Gallic criticism, and, with its admirable summary of past history and its elaborately illustrated story of the recent production, it is a book to be read with pleasure and put away for further reference. As for me, I have had enough of "Parsifal" and I want something fresh, healthy and sincere. I will turn to the "Matthew Passion" of John Sebastian Bach.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.*

A survey of the chief penal systems of the world would bring home to us the fact that imprisonment is not a profitable form of punishment. The wider the survey, the more surely would this fact be impressed on the mind of an instructed, intelligent, and unprejudiced inquirer. He might start his quest among the prisons of our own country. From here he might cross the Channel; and, the needful permits granted him, follow up his errand from Russia to Italy. He might go thence on pilgrimage through all the borders of the East. This wide adventure ended, he would do well to travel from end to end of America. In all these regions he would learn that common, conventional imprisonment—as a penalty for no matter what offence—has proved itself a dire and humiliating failure of a very costly sort. Some certain few exceptions, of course, there would be, but these the traveller would encounter only where conventionalism had sought escape in tentative rationalistic experiment.

If, next, his tour of prisondom completed, the student turned to print, all the more important essays in criminology (and new and barely shaped as this science is, it takes us back over a space of about forty years) would strengthen him in his position. There is point upon point on which criminologists are quite at variance; but in the main they are agreed as to this, that prisons are noxious places, injuring all prisoners, helping none of them, and involving the communities responsible for their upkeep in expenses represented by an annual bad debt of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is a bad debt in the main for all countries, since prison is no true cure for criminality, and the prejudice it creates in the general mind against the ex-prisoner tends to make it impossible for him to do anything but return there. The whole system is a most vicious circle.

Mr. Ives says, with very little exaggeration:

"In fact, we have found by figures, and by the evidence of years, that probabilities work out against those who have been convicted of dishonesty; that far from being sent away for cure—although it were through long and painful processes—the greater number of the more serious cases will certainly be dragged down utterly. In practice, we pass upon those who have been condemned, the doom conceived for the ideal hell, of suffering without hope; for those in the prison van are mostly being driven to absolute destruction. No wonder, then, that 'all communities and states are in reality ashamed of jails and penal institutions.' No wonder that even those who have worked the punitive machine officially for years should perceive no prospect of any real and ultimate regeneration of society by its use. No wonder that every year innumerable cases are never brought to 'justice' at all, because more and more thoughtful people are feeling that harm rather than good will probably be done—that the person convicted will be irretrievably ruined, and will never get right again.

"*Why* should he? What have we done to help, what have we done to counteract his defects, to appeal to his better side, to give him a helping hand at the place where he slipped and fell?

"Nothing at all for good in any way; indeed, it is not too much to say that we have done our worst to demoralise him, to turn him either into a desperado at bay or an abject automaton. And the Community incurs the man it made.

"*How* should he? Is it likely that a man or woman who went crookedly on the highway of life will be able to keep straight after being, figuratively speaking, hit over the head with the legal truncheon? Is it likely that a man (or woman), who could not get, or retain, employment under ordinary conditions, should

* "A History of Penal Methods: Criminals, Witches, Lunatics." By George Ives, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

succeed in regaining respect after having been morally tarred and feathered inside prison walls? Far from having any confidence in the reformative results of the State's penal process, the public will on no account, if they can help it, employ a person who has ever passed its doors."

Then begins the dreadful struggle of the "not-wanted," for whom most avenues in the social world are marked, "No thoroughfare!" Yet it is admitted by prison authorities themselves that a significant proportion of these ex-prisoners are naturally unfitted to succeed in the battle of life: "of primarily defective mental capacity," says no less a person than an inspector of prisons. He adds: "This conclusion is arrived at, independently of their criminality, from positive indications of mental defect observed in their conduct, and, in some cases, from certain concomitant physical characters. This class of mental defectives includes criminals of many kinds."

There is little in the treatment of prison to qualify a man for any other mode of existence. Such is the stringency of the rules, such the character of his environment, that he lives like a creature in a cage. He is perpetually under suspicion. All his higher faculties and instincts are repressed well-nigh to the point of starvation. He can scarcely receive or scarcely extend to a fellow-prisoner the least act of natural kindness. All sense of responsibility is taken from him. He is fed and sheltered and driven hither and thither like an animal. The tasks he is put to are never completely taught to him, and the prison-made craftsman is usually known as such in any other scene of employment. His whole life is pinched, barren, futile, and all but utterly unnatural.

"The treatment of the Future," says Mr. Ives, "must be didactic and developmental, looking not so much on what the convict has done before, but rather to what he or she will prove to be when released. The prisoner must be trained, must be taught self-control, must be allowed, within the limits of safety, sufficient liberty to bring that into action, must have innumerable chances of making his, or her, condition rapidly worse or better according to conduct. In the complexity and struggle of life outside, the consequences of actions are mostly too remote, and even uncertain, to be well realised by thoughtless and unbalanced people; but if they be followed swiftly and certainly, as they should in prison, some useful lessons might be inculcated."

This implies individualisation of treatment; and individualisation — however difficult of adoption—is the sole wise method for the future.

Mr. Ives has produced a careful, earnest book worthy of attention.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE BERRY PAPERS.*

Every reader of Horace Walpole's letters is familiar with the names of Mary and Agnes Berry. "I have made . . ." he wrote to Lady Ossory in 1788, "the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for this season" (Letters XIV., 87-8). The acquaintance ripened into intimacy. "I think I can secure you a house at Teddington," he wrote to Mary herself in the following year (Letters XIV., 193): the closeness of the intimacy even gave rise to newspaper comment and caused him to say, "I thought my age would allow me to have a friendship that consisted in nothing but distinguishing merit—you allow the vilest of all tribunals, the newspapers, to decide how short a way friendship may go!" (Letters XV., 93). And a tradition was handed down by Lord Lansdowne that when her scruples had been overcome and she consented to live in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill, Walpole wished to marry her, and in spite of the discrepancy in their ages, made a proposal to this effect.

Such a tradition is weakened by Mary's own words in a letter written in 1793. "And why should he," she asks, "when, without the ridicule or the trouble of marriage, he enjoys almost as much of my society, and every comfort from it, that he could in the nearest connection?" The friendship, even if no love came to agitate it, was sufficient to make her sacrifice her one romance with General O'Hara rather than part from her old friend. When Walpole died, each of the sisters received £4,000 and the use of Little Strawberry Hill for their joint lives, and the task of collecting and editing his literary remains was entrusted to the loving care of Mary.

Forty-eight years after O'Hara had passed out of her life, and when Mary was an octogenarian, she broke the seal that had guarded his letters. "They belonged," she says, "to the six happiest months"—adding pathetically, "of my long and insignificant existence." Insignificant, yes; but not uninteresting. In their long lives the two sisters met almost every one worth meeting. Agnes was something of a sleeping partner, and we hear little of her independently, though she corresponded with Mary when they were apart, and, like Mary, enjoyed a brief romance that came to nothing. It is to the elder sister that most of the letters in the book are addressed: Lord Hartington starts writing to her when a boy of twelve at Harrow in 1802, her friendship with the Princess of Wales dates from 1809, Maria Edgeworth begs for an introduction in 1816, and Stratford Canning discourses of politics in 1848, the year of revolutions. Mary's indefatigable pen seems only to have lain idle when she was travelling abroad, going out in Society or presiding over her salon in North Audley Street. Her list of friends is imposing. Walpole made love to her at one end of her life, Thackeray dined with her at the other. One of her letters was interrupted by Macaulay coming to say good-bye before sailing for

Mary Berry.

From the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.
From "The Berry Papers," by Lewis Melville (John Lane).

* "The Berry Papers, 1763-1852." By Lewis Melville. 20s. net. (John Lane.)

India. Once a year Samuel Rogers—who chanced to be her twin in point of age—called, characteristically enough, to see how she was wearing. "When I heard this, I went to my looking-glass to see if it reflected such a death's-head as his," wrote Mary, who loved Rogers as little as he loved her.

Yet with all her friends and amid her wealth of correspondence, we are left with a feeling of opportunity wasted. Mary Berry never wrote for posterity; her verdicts are delivered, as it were, by chance, and though on her travels she could paint a vivid picture of Bonaparte or Talleyrand, it never occurred to her that succeeding generations would give much to learn her impressions of the men and women she was meeting daily at Little Strawberry Hill or in London. As delineator or commentator, she throws no new light on her times. Perhaps the reason is to be found in that very loveableness of nature to which her correspondents testify. She could seldom be caustic, never unkind—though her death-warrant to O'Hara's friendship shows her capable of something less than justice. A woman who is indisposed to be spiteful about her acquaintances will probably—like Mary Berry—leave them undiscussed.

Even more remarkable is her apparent indifference to politics. In the letters of a woman who reached the age of eighty-nine, moved in the highest social and political circles, travelled repeatedly, and lived through the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the Reform agitation, and the repeal of the Corn Laws, it is almost astounding to find so little reference to domestic or foreign affairs. Mary Berry was not without curiosity or activity of mind; up to the last she welcomed newcomers to North Audley Street, but the main business of her life seems to have lain in enrolling and maintaining a battalion of friends.

The interest of "The Berry Papers" is limited by this fact. Mr. Melville's selection is an indispensable addendum to the "Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Mary Berry," published in 1865, but the new extracts are primarily the domestic letters of a cultured and amiable woman. All lovers of Horace Walpole will seize the opportunity of closer acquaintance with one who played a large part in his later years; they must not be led by the long record of her days or the long role of her friends to expect a more general contribution to the history of the period. The Berry sisters owe such immortality as they have won to their inclusion in the vast gallery of Walpole's letters.

STEPHEN MCKENNA.

INDIA AND JAPAN.*

In the small compass of 119 pages, Mr. Nihal Singh has not only contrived to give us a comprehensive survey of India, as it now is—Modern India—and furnished an array of most significant figures, most pregnant statements of facts, but also written a volume of such enthralling interest it is almost impossible to lay it down. It is for this reason this little book may be pronounced a masterpiece among manuals. To write a volume of five hundred pages upon India and make it interesting might not be difficult; but how many writers could depict the present state of any country so concisely, and, without apparently leaving out any matter on which one could be expected to wish for information, could yet have made his pages thoroughly readable?

No one who wishes to speak or write upon India, or even to think seriously upon it, will be able to dispense now with "Progressive British India"; all the facts and figures have been so thoroughly digested before any attempt at communicating them. They are treated under four headings: Intellectual Advancement, Economic Progress, Religio-social Development, Political Growth. Although we cannot quite like the word Advancement, the distinction between that and Progress—Development—Growth is full of meaning.

The first fourteen pages are possibly the most generally interesting, the opening paragraph showing a very pretty fancy, as well as a most careful choice of words:

> "When during the Middle Ages, the hand of the Occident commenced gently to shake India's sleeping form, and plead with her to awaken and cast aside the veil of exclusiveness that hid her face from the foreigner, who could have foretold that, in course of time, she would be united to Great Britain, for better, for worse, or imagine the material, intellectual, and moral changes that would result from the union?"

The next paragraph is, perhaps, even more interesting as written for English readers, by an Indian, a descendant of those Sikhs of the Punjab, who, though they "only a short time before, had suffered defeat at the hands of the British—openly and actively allied themselves with the sore-pressed foreigners" in the crisis of 1857.

Whilst questioning whether the actions of the British-Indian Administration since 1858 have been entirely in accordance with the pledges given in "the high-minded declaration" of Queen Victoria, and referred to by King Edward VII, and King George V, India's "Magna Charta" as it is called, yet Mr. Nihal Singh writes:

> "As a result of this British activity, to-day peace reigns supreme over the Peninsula, and has prevailed for more than a half century."

He then proceeds to give details as to the reconstruction of India under the headings before mentioned, adding that "the people have made noteworthy progress in each of these departments of life."

Many people will turn with most interest to the chapter on religious development. In 1881 the Christian population of India numbered 1,862,634; in 1911 it had attained to 3,876,203, and strangely enough the increase was greater under Indian Princes, than in British India. However, Mr. Singh adds:

> "The effect of the impact of the West on India cannot be justly measured by the number of conversions, but really should be gauged by the indirect influence which Christianity and Western thought have exerted over the people as a whole. This has been truly phenomenal."

Again and again the evils in the present condition of things in India are pointed out plainly, but almost always followed by a word of explanation, that steps are being taken to alter them, or that even what has been done already has been in advance of public opinion. Yet one feels the writer's whole heart longs for more to be done for the untouchables, as also for the protection of women and girls.

"Japan's Modernization," Mr. Nihal Singh's other volume, is packed too full of statistics for the general reader, but will, for that reason, only be the more valuable for purposes of reference. It is rather longer than the volume on India, containing 128 pages; both volumes conclude with a most useful list of books for study. The divisions this time are more numerous: "Material Progress," "Intellectual Quickening," "Reformation of Society towards Democracy," "Problems Ahead." The point of view is that of the outsider, who formulates views, rather than of the native of the country, who pleads for his fellow-countrymen, yet is sufficiently Europeanised to see also the foreigner's view of the situation. In the first paragraph he "finds it hard to realise that only six decades back Occidentals were supplicating Nippon to let them in, while the insular Orientals would have nothing to do with the 'red-bearded barbarians!'" In the last paragraph he writes:

> "Each time an immigration trouble arises the stay-at-home Japanese, especially those who have friends and relatives abroad, are wrought to a high pitch of indignation, the Press and platform thunder volleys of rage, and politicians demand that the Government shall uphold the dignity of Dai Nippon at the cannon's mouth."

In 1908 we find 28,522 books being printed in Japan, and 2,524 periodicals in circulation; education was compulsory for girls as well as boys, and whilst no religious instruction was given in the public schools all children were taught

* "Progressive British India." By Saint Nihal Singh.
"Japan's Modernization." By the same Author. 1s. net each. (Charles H. Kelly.)

their duties in the five relationships of life; there was an Academy devoted to the higher education of women in Tokyo, and "many scholars of the Sunrise Empire thought that the foreigners (and not they) stood in need of culture." But by degrees "foreign teachers acquired freedom to instruct the Japanese in the eternal verities as interpreted by them." Yet "the Occident is responsible—for making Japan lust for colonies, for eminence in international commerce, and for military distinction." Was she happier—more innocent—before she let us in?

The type, paper and general appearance of this series are very satisfactory, and we are glad to see there is a considerable list of volumes in preparation. Is it possible that we shall soon see Present-day China unfolded to us in a hundred pages or so. That would indeed be a *tour de force*. But if India can be so handled, why not China? We notice that "Progressive British India" was announced beforehand as "England's Work for India." Would not this have been a more attractive title? It is true it would not so well describe the volume, which is rather a history of India's development from within.

ALICIA LITTLE.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.*

There is scarcely an English county richer in poetic associations than Warwickshire, for the woods and valleys of the shire which rendered up their fragrance to fill the cells of Shakespeare's poetry are thus memorable before all others. The county which gave us our greatest poet is well included in this admirable series of Messrs. Macmillan. The "Highways and Byways" are a collection of books, half topographical, half sentimental in interest. They have something of the flavour of history about their pages, and a good deal of the precision of the guide book. They are, indeed, elaborated guide books over which the wayfarer may linger at nights when he comes to the inn of his journey's end, and savour in a distilled form the associations of the country through which he has passed. Drayton wrote of Warwickshire that it was the heart of England:

"Upon the Midlands now the industrious muse doth fall
That shire which wee the hart of England well may call."

Within its boundaries are Kenilworth, Stratford, Warwick, Coventry, Knowle, Edgehill, and Evesham, names standing for a hundred fine memories. The story of Knowle is particularly interesting. It was once the property of Eleanor of Castile, who gave it to the Abbey of Westminster. Under Elizabeth it went to the Earl of Leicester, and from him into the hands of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Mr. Hutton packs his book with many bits of curious lore. Shakespeare was supposed to have engaged in a drinking bout at Bidford, whose fame as a town of topers is recorded in these lines:

"Piping Pabworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom and Drunken Bidford."

Mr. New's illustrations are very pleasing; they have the grace and artistic finish we have come to expect in all his work.

POETICAL EXERCISES.

Dr. Marie C. Stopes, having the courage of her poetical convictions, has written a propagandist preface to her book of verses[1] in which she expounds her theory of the art of poetry. Though she has nothing very illuminating to tell us of the process of creation, her remarks are, at least, sufficiently suggestive to raise the whole question of inspiration and craftsmanship. I shall quote such of her pronouncements as can be detached from their context

Landor's Birthplace, Warwick.
From "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country" (Macmillan.)

without any undue mutilation of their significance, because they are characteristic of so much of the loose generalisations about poetry which manage to get themselves expressed nowadays.

Dr. Stopes writes:

"It is my belief that poetry ought never to be a human being's avowed occupation, because, if it is, there is a very great temptation to write it! And of a certainty poetry ought never to be written; it ought, it must, write itself."

This remark is so typical of the confusion of mind which betrays the amateur in art, that, perhaps, it is worth considering in detail. It sounds specious enough, and it is certainly neatly expressed; but, like all epigrammatic generalisations, it is no more than half true. Most of Dr. Stope's observations about poetry are true; but the conclusions she draws from them are usually false. It is always entertaining to hear anyone telling poetry what it ought to do, or be, as though they expected poetry to pay any heed to their admonishments. Poetry ought never to be a human being's avowed occupation: and yet poetry has been the "avowed occupation" of some of the greatest among poets. As to poetry writing itself, it all depends on what Dr. Stopes means by the ambiguous phrase. We know little enough of the processess of creation, but we, at least, know that the writing of poetry is both a sub-conscious and conscious business. The subconscious inspiration must be controlled by conscious art, or it will spend itself in vain. Neither the inspiration, nor the art (in the sense of craftsmanship) is of any avail without the other: and it might be estimated roughly that half of the bad books of verse in the world are by writers who do not realise that poetry is an art as well as an inspiration, and the other half by writers who do not realise that poetry is an inspiration as well as an art. Though Dr. Stopes seems sometimes to have an inkling of the truth, as for instance when she calls herself an imperfect instrument, yet she is sufficiently complaisant to describe in elaborate and picturesque detail how the inspirations of some of her poems came to her, not realising apparently that all inspirations are not airs blowing from Parnassus! It is for the psychologist to explain how it comes about that bad poems and good poems seem to be equally works of inspiration to their perpetrators.

"After speaking thus directly to the moon herself, the verses sang in my mind, and in a few moments I wrote them down as they now appear, without any verbal change."

But, when we turn to page 20, we find this derivative doggerel:

"Poets have sung thee,
Fair Queen of the Night.
Poets have loved thee,
And poets were right.

* "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country." By W. H. Hutton. Illustrated by E. H. New. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

[1] "Man, Other Poems and a Preface." By Marie C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., etc. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

For what can compare
In the heavens with thee,
And what is so fair
As thy beams on the sea?"

Such jaded stuff as this could scarcely even move the long-suffering man in the moon (who must be the weariest of all reviewers) to more than a smile. It is, perhaps, only fair to say that the poem of which it is the first verse is probably the worst in the book. We only quote it because it is the poem which Dr. Stopes has herself singled out as a confirmation of her theory of direct (and, implicitly, divine) inspiration. Again, in speaking of her longer and more ambitious title-poem "Man," she explains to us that she has only changed half-a-dozen words since the day the inspiration took shape, as if there were some especial merit in turning out slipshod work. Dr. Stopes has not yet realised that the writing of poems is the hardest work in the world—much harder, indeed, than the conducting of arduous researches in the abstruse and remote science of Palæontology to which she has hitherto devoted her energies with such distinction. The most memorable piece in her book is "The Brother," in which she relates how, as a girl, she happened to sit next to a fugitive murderer in a Quaker meeting house. Though she has hardly managed to turn her terrible experience into poetry, these verses have more grip than the occasionally charming, but usually trite, poetical exercises which accompany them in her book.

It is no injustice to the other books of verse on my table to say that they, too, are almost entirely made up of poetical exercises. Some of the exercises are expert enough, such, for instance, as those of Mr. Shirreff in "The Tale of Florentius and Other Poems."[2] Mr. Shirreff is an Indian civil servant whose former volume attracted some attention. He is an adept in the writing of scholarly, light verse, sentimental or facetious, an accomplishment by no means rare in the Civil Service. In "Atil in Gortland and other Poems"[3] we have some pleasant essays in the Tennysonian manner; and the same may be said of "Parsifal, and Tristan and Isolde,"[4] in which Randle Fynes and Louis N. Parker retell in English the stories of two of the Wagner operas; while "Wheat Without Tares"[5] by George H. Nettle is an interesting though unsuccessful exercise in the Crabbe manner.

Of the two new volumes of the Vigo Cabinet Series, "Glimmer of Dawn"[6] by Leo. C. Robertson, and "The New Circe"[7] by F. Gerald Miller, Mr. Miller's little book contains the more promising work; and is certainly more distinguished in its achievement than any of the books I have dealt with so far. I am not rash enough, however, to prophesy about any of these authors. Great poets have often begun their careers by the production of just such dull and derivative exercises; and bad poets have often begun their careers with just such derivative exercises: that is as far as a cautious critic can commit himself.

In "Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folksongs of the Tuscan Hills,"[8] a sumptuous volume with coloured illustrations, we have (not always very successful) exercises in translation; but the book which Miss Warrack has complied is by far the most interesting and important of the books I have under consideration. Miss Warrack has set herself the delightfully arduous task of collecting and translating the rispetti and stornelli of the Tuscan folk-singers. Perhaps I can best give an indication of the nature of the work, to those unacquainted with Italian folk-poetry, by quoting a characteristic rispetto together with Miss Warrack's translation:

"Voi siete quel fiorin che fa sull' alpe,
Dove l'aria produce tante stelle:
Voi siete nata tra le rose bianche,
E ricamata tra l'oro e le perle.
Vo siete nata di gentil lavoro,
Fatta di perle, ricamata d'oro.
E di gentil lavoro siete nata,
Fatta di perle, d'oro ricamata."

"Thou art that little flower whose home's the height,
Where mountain air brings forth so many a star:
Thou birth hast found amid the roses white,
And o'er thee gold and pearls embroidered are.
Thou birth from gentle handicraft dost hold,
Art made of pearls, embroidered round with gold.
And thou from gentle handcraft birth hast found
Art made of pearls, with gold embroidered round."

This is a somewhat clumsy rendering, nevertheless it gives a fair idea of the peculiar form of the rispetto, with its slightly varied refrain. Many, indeed, most, of the songs which Miss Warrack has translated are charming, though, after reading a number of them, one after the other, I became weary of the device; and it is inevitable that the making of many songs in one pattern should soon degenerate into a trick, or become, at the best, but a pleasant game. In an interesting Appendix, Mr. Kenneth Macleod, joint collector with Mrs. Kennedy Fraser of "The Songs of the Hebrides," compares the Tuscan Ripresa with the Gaelic Repeat.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

[2] "The Tale of Florentius and Other Poems." By A. G. Shirreff. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)
[3] "Atil in Gortland and Other Poems." By Henry Ransome. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)
[4] "'Parsifal' and 'Tristan und Isolde.'" By Randle Fynes and Louis N. Parker. 1s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.).
[5] "Wheat Without Tares." By George H. Nettle. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[6] "Glimmer of Dawn." By Leo C. Robertson. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Mathews.)
[7] "The New Circe." By F. Gerald Millar. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Mathews.)
[8] "Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folksongs of the Tuscan Hills." By Grace Warrack. 10s. 6d. net. (Moring.)

FOSTERING OF CHILD GROWTH.*

If the mass of books which are published almost weekly about education is any true criterion of the interest taken in their upbringing and welfare, both moral and intellectual, children ought to be the most conceited creatures in the world. Hardly are they out of their swaddling clothes ere they find themselves in the grip of the educationist, and this grip holds them relentlessly until they have left the University as young men and women. Education, in fact, is becoming a more and more protracted affair, and whereas on the one hand the modern boy of well-to-do parents is still at school at an age when Addison and Milton were distinguishing themselves at the University, he is also becoming increasingly the victim of the pundits who believe that not only Scotsmen but all children should be "caught young." This doctrine, upon which the Jesuits laid so much stress, is indeed receiving the most careful attention, and the two books whose titles stand at the foot of this column illustrate, each in its own way, the truth of what I have said.

Mme Montessori's book contains little or nothing that is not familiar to those who have studied the system to which she has given her name. In this, the only authentic manual of her system, Mme Montessori sets forth a clear yet concise account of her principles, and she includes also numerous illustrations of the special apparatus by which these principles are to be carried into effect. There is one point, however, of which a special mention should perhaps be made. So much importance is attached by Mme Montessori to the freedom left to the children under her charge that it is sometimes assumed that the teacher is virtually superfluous. This mistaken notion will not be entertained by the readers of this book, which shows very clearly that the teacher has definite and important functions to perform. For the rest it may be said that the book is strictly what it professes to be, and that any parent of a young child between the ages of three and seven who follows out its precepts may rest assured that the correct Montessori method is being followed.

* "The Corner Stone of Education." By Edward Lyttelton. 5s. net. (Putnam.)
"Dr. Montessori's Own Hand-book." By Maria Montessori. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Dr. Lyttelton's book is in several respects remarkable. It is remarkably badly constructed, as he himself virtually admits, and it is not always (cf. the sentence which begins at the bottom of page 15) strictly grammatical. But apart from these blemishes, the book is remarkable because we have here a singularly candid confession from the Headmaster of Eton as to the shortcomings of the English public school. The problem which he has set before himself is " the determining of the parents' part in forming the character of their children." This part he rates very high indeed, and he goes so far as to argue that the school cannot, as a rule, plant what the home has neglected to plant, though it can and does foster both high ideals and strength of will.

" In all normal cases," he says," not only does the allegiance to something higher than inclination begin in early childhood, if it is to begin at all, but, conversely, if it is not begun then, the ideals of boyhood cannot be expected to rise above the teaching of public opinion, which very seldom demands anything more than a prudent and pleasing selfishness."

Holding such views, Dr. Lyttelton was bound to make his book virtually a sermon to parents and to conclude his moral with an earnest appeal to them to help the schoolmaster out of his difficulties. He has done both in unmistakeable terms. He declares that:

" the most fatal temper in the parent is insincerity; then fussiness and impatience; and into this latter all those are prone to fall who, without knowing it, rate harmlessness of conduct before the fear of God."

This passage could be paralleled by many others equally outspoken, just as his appeal for the aid of parents is to be found running right through the design of the book. Dr. Lyttelton may, perhaps, press his case rather too far, but that he is right in the main there can be no reasonable doubt. Will the parents of this country respond to his call?

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

NELSON'S EMMA.*

That a country which, more than upon anything else, prides itself upon its morality should have taken Amy Lyon to its bosom, set her upon a pedestal, and bowed low before her, is one of those little ironies which fate, in humorous mood, sometimes permits itself. She had the morals of a courtesan and, according to Sir Gilbert Elliot, the easy manners of a barmaid. We may feel sorry for her, but assuredly there is no necessity for us to admire aught about her than her surpassing loveliness. It was not that she had one lover; it is that the authorities are not agreed upon any definite number. It is not that she sinned through poverty, for the sorry tale does not conclude with her marriage to Sir William Hamilton. It is not that she sinned in youth—for the liaison with Nelson did not begin until she was in her thirty-eighth or ninth year. But it was the victor of Trafalgar who was her lover, and to whom she bore a child, and for whom she deceived the man who had been foolish enough to marry her; and, because it was the victor of Trafalgar, and no other, who assisted her to deceive her husband, the great British nation, in a wild frenzy of enthusiasm, idolised Nelson's Emma. Everywhere was quoted the remark, attributed to Nelson, " If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons," which remark was, however, never made by the sailor, but was said for him after his death by his mistress. Hamilton said, " I well know the purity of Nelson's friendship for Emma and me," and when he died " the pillow was supported by his wife, and his right hand held by the seaman "—a sickening picture to conjure up, and one not made less revolting by the fact that the Admiral was sincerely attached to him, and could write to the Duke of Clarence, " My dear friend, Sir William Hamilton, died this morning. The world never, never lost a more upright and honourable gentleman." Hamilton left Emma money, Nelson left her money, and his dying request was that further money should be bestowed upon her by the nation as a return for her services in connection with the Revolution in Naples. Ministers, however, were not impressed by the value of those services, and no public grant was made. Lady Hamilton died abroad in 1815, living with the daughter on the £200 a year settled by Nelson on that child which is now known to be his.

This book deals mainly with the Naples period of Lady Hamilton's career, but it is her life generally that is most interesting. Born in (it is supposed) 1761, of poor parents, she became at an early age a nursemaid, and then filled other humble positions. Her first recorded lover was Captain John Willett Payne, by whom she had a child; and then, in 1780, she became the mistress of Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh, of Up Park, Sussex, who presently was disgusted with her conduct and her extravagance, and dismissed her at the end of the following year. She then lived with the Hon. Charles Greville in quiet retreat at Paddington, where her lover had her taught singing and dancing. It was then that she made the acquaintance of Romney, who immortalised her in his canvases. Greville, however, was a poor man, and could not indefinitely support her. In March, 1786, he, playing a rather scurvy trick, sent her to Naples to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, whose mistress she became, and whom she married, while on a visit to London, at Marylebone Church, in May, 1791.

The authors of this book can see no good in her, but they go too far, and seem to take an active delight in attacking her on every occasion. They are so convinced of her vileness that they cannot believe she was ever sincere. When she writes to Greville after her arrival in Naples, they, to the best of their ability, explain away the pathos of her letters to him, and will not admit that they could have been dictated by love.

" My ever dearest Greville, I am now onely writing, to beg of you for God's sake to send me one letter, if it is onely a farewell.

Lady Hamilton.

From a portrait by Angelica Kauffmann found in the Palazzo Sessa.
From A Great Adventuress," by Joseph Turquan and Jules D'Auriac (Herbert Jenkins.)

* " A Great Adventuress. Lady Hamilton and the Revolution in Naples (1753–1815)." By Joseph Turquan and Jules D'Auriac. With Frontispiece in photogravure and sixteen other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Sure I have deserved this, for the sake of the love you once had for me. Think, Greville, of our former connexion, and don't despise me. I have not used you ill in any one thing. I have been from you going of six months, and you have wrote one letter to me, enstead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my much loved Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands. You don't know how thankful I shall be for it. For if you knew the misery I feel, oh! your heart would not be intirely shut up against me; for I love you with the truest affection. Don't let anyone sett you against me. Some of your friends—your foes perhaps; I don't know what to stile them—have long wisht me ill. But, Greville, you never will meet with anybody that has a truer affection for you than I have, and I onely wish it was in my power to shew you what I could do for you. As soon as I know your determination, I shall take my own measures. If I don't hear from you, and that you are coming according to promise, I shall be in England at Christmas at farthest. Don't be unhappy at that. I will see you once more for the last time. I find life is unsupportable without you. Oh! my heart is entirely broke. Then, for God's sake, my ever dear Greville, do write to me some comfort. I don't know what to do. I am now in that state, I am incapable of anything. I have a language-master, a singing-master, musick, etc., but what is it for? If it was to amuse you, I should be happy—But, Greville, what will it avail me? I am poor, helpless, and forlorn."

The most that the authors can say is, "Perhaps Emma was troubled by Hamilton's attitude and the prospect it opened to her for the future, and she was weary of the eternal sunshine of Italy, and pined for London's moist and uncertain climate." But surely the sincerity of her affection for Greville is stamped on every line of her letter, and it is refreshing to find that this young woman of many lovers had a sincere and disinterested love for one of them.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

FIVE NOVELS AND A BOOK.*

The trouble with novels is that there are so many of them, and that some of them are not novels at all. At least two of those among the novels which lie on my table as I write are not, properly speaking, novels. A novel should be (in the cant phrase) a slice of life. It need have no form nor comeliness. It may be shapeless, amorphous. Perhaps the most perfect novel in the English language is "Vanity Fair"; even Thackeray's moralisings have their right place in that novel as reflecting the tone and attitude of his period. And herein lies the chief difficulty of the poor harassed reviewer: how to reconcile this welter of conflicting elements and find a common denominator to include them all. But perhaps the best way to solve the difficulty is to ignore it, just shut one's eyes and plunge one's hand into the lucky-bag and draw forth the first book the fingers touch.

Ah, "Vagabonds in Perigord": one of the novels which is not a novel, and yet none the worse—perhaps infinitely the better—for that. A book to which one can only apply the overworked epithet "charming." I have, of course, read Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" and "Inland Voyage." Yet to my mind neither of these classics is in any way the superior of this book. I say it deliberately, with a full sense of the storm of Scots' indignation which it is barely possible I may bring down on my head for my heresy. But then I am a little tired of having Stevenson's supremely delightful vagabondages held up before me as the only possible books of their kind. And a tired man is apt to be irritable. I could almost find it in my heart to say that "Vagabonds in Perigord" is better than either of those classics. What is it all about? Ah, if I could tell you, the glamour and the glory of this book would be dissipated. Its title is its best description. Just a handful of simple folk wandering about from place to place, and saying, in passing, the most quaint and dainty things about things, such as, for instance, "Her face was as cheeky as a bedroom-jug," a simile as unexpected as (in fact) it is absolutely apposite. O, most certainly a book not to be borrowed from the library, but to buy and treasure and keep on the little shelf in the bedroom as a safeguard against the awful tedium of sleepless nights; a book that would almost reconcile one to a sleepless night!

A far cry from this book to "The Trend": essentially an up-to-date novel, and yet strangely reminiscent of the literary fashions of the 'nineties. It is almost tiresomely witty, a little precious in style and pose, very diffuse and inchoate. It suffers, as a schoolboy might say, from too much "jaw." Everybody talks at length. It is always good talk. If one has the time and the taste for this sort of thing, it is most enjoyable talk. But really there is too much of it. And there are too many interpolations of extraneous matter, such as long public lectures, Press notices, and so on. Yet this book has points of fineness. It embodies a fine central idea, the idea of the poor incapable genius taken and moulded and used to his eventual destruction. The figure of William Soulsby, a poor boy plucked from the streets to sing his swan-song to the glory of an insufferable egotist, shines as with a light not of this world. The author himself confesses that he does not pretend to understand him, so why should I?

I have said in these pages that "comparative criticism is of the nursery," but in the case of "2010" I am afraid there is no help for it. I should say that by the time the author reads these lines he will be as utterly sick of the name of Mr. H. G. Wells as Mr. Wells himself will be of receiving reviews of "2010" from his Press-cutting agency. But if an author writes in another author's vein, incidentally conceiving such monsters as dogs with the arms of apes, kangaroos with wings, and so on, ignoring "The Island of Doctor Moreau," he has only himself to blame for what happens to him in consequence. Still, it is always a pain to me not to be able to praise a book, and so I will say no more of this one.

"Second Nature" is much better; a capable, well-wrought book of considerable merit. The plot is good, if slightly improbable; the setting is always admirable, whether it be the ancient castle in England or the untrammelled, untravelled wilderness in East Africa. A young man is left £20,000 a year by his uncle, on condition that he marries within twelve months a woman who has been in prison; this, of course, out of spite. The question of a suffragette comes in, but is discarded in favour of a poor girl who has done two years hard labour for the manslaughter of a brute. And then there are developments well worked out to a tragic conclusion. I can safely recommend this book as just sufficiently out of the ruck to whet a jaded appetite without being far enough from the beaten path to shock the susceptibilities of the most delicately-minded.

"And Afterwards the Judgment" just misses being, I won't say a great book, but at any rate a considerable achievement. The theme is a little too complicated for rapid summary. It may be enough to say that it concerns the marital relations of a couple who, having been married some ten years or so without issue, long for a child. They enter into a compact whereby the woman is to be made the putative mother of another woman's child. This compact, as all such evil compacts must, proves disastrous in its results. A child is born and introduced into the home with grievous effect, not only upon husband and wife, but upon the real mother of the child, and upon two men who are in no way responsible for the catastrophe. That perhaps will be sufficient to indicate the nature of this novel. It is not a novel for the unsophisticated. But, in justice to the author, it must be said that the story is judiciously and yet firmly handled. There is no pandering to prurient tastes. There is dignity and force in this book, and infinite pathos passing words. Any adult reader seeking a new thrill, and not merely a thrill, but matter for grave reflection, should certainly make a point of reading "And Afterwards the Judgment." It is a book well above the average.

* "Vagabonds in Perigord." By H. H. Bashford. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Trend." By William Arkwright. 6s. (John Lane.)—"2010." By the Author of the Adventures of John Johns. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Second Nature." By John Travers. 6s. (Duckworth.)—"And Afterwards the Judgment." By Richard Catt. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The House in Demetrius Road." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Heinemann.)

And now for the best and yet at the same time the most terrible book on my list, "The House in Demetrius Road," a study of a dipsomaniac. The power of this book is extraordinary, and all the more extraordinary by reason of its restraint. Robin Greg is a literary man, a widower, whose sister-in-law keeps house for him. She has hopes of saving him, hopes that die in despair. We are shown with quiet incisiveness the slow progress of the deadly disease. We have depicted for us the atmosphere of a house haunted by this spectre of an impending doom, the squalor and degradation of which only add to its poignancy. In such a brief review as this it is impossible to give the reader any adequate conception of the effect wrought. Zola's "L'Assomoir" pales its lurid significance before the blazing horror of "The House in Demetrius Road," because Coupeau was, after all, an ignorant, coarse man, while this man, Robin Greg, is something akin to a genius. To those interested in social problems, as well as to those gifted with a true *flair* for what is really great in literature, I commend this book as a consummate work of art, worthy to rank beside the masterpieces of realistic fiction.

EDWIN PUGH.

A WANDERER'S TRAIL.*

It is evident that Mr. A. Loton Ridger travelled with the direct object of gaining experience, and when this desire was appeased there came the insatiable wish to create, that the years of "wanderlust" might not be blotted out and altogether lost. Thus, we imagine, was "A Wanderer's Trail" begotten, and the book in consequence produces a very different effect from the usual traveller's tales, where the author has voyaged with the deliberate idea of gathering material from which to make a book.

All those who cannot travel the round world over for themselves should read Mr. Ridger's book, for it is an education, not in the ways of the globe-trotter, but in those of a true vagabond who sees men and countries with understanding—not with a stranger's eye. While those who, like the author, have travelled for themselves, will delight to renew old memories and impressions through his concise and very unbiassed descriptions, which leave with us the impression that this great place we call the world is very much smaller than we thought. The author takes us from Alaska to Cochin China, from California to the Kalahari Desert, quite quietly and with no commotion. He compares droshkys in Manchuria to American buggies in California, and English meadows to the banks of the Moulmein. He truthfully followed the precept, "Take no thought for the morrow," for among the various jobs to which he turned his hand were shipping cattle to Klondyke; assisting to lay a side-walk in Vancouver; teaching English in Japan; working underground in a mine, and behind the counter of a bottle-store on the Rand; recruiting natives (or failing to) in Ngamiland; and working his way on tramps in various oceans.

The amount of experience which has gone to the making of this book is colossal. Though the style is unpolished and sometimes awkward, the writing is vivid and true to life, while many of the descriptions, notably that of the White Pass which guards the Valley of the Yukon, show true poetic feeling. The impressions of a voyage across the Pacific in an old tramp of the true "Bolivar" type is excellent, while his picture of life in a bottle-store on the Rand is so vivid that the reader feels actual shame for the petty meannesses of a certain stratum of society there. It is not often that so severe a light is thrown on the "Golden City," but it was indisputably needed.

Probably most readers of this book will ask themselves when they reach the end, "Does the author honestly think his 'wanderjare' have been worth while?" And that is a question we doubt if he can answer himself. However, for the reading public these wanderings are undoubtedly worth while; and the fact that he came through at all, without starving or falling to the level of "The Lost Legion" says much for the grit of young Englishmen.

M. TORIN.

* "The Wanderer's Trail." By A. Loton Ridger. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS AND THE SIEGE.*

This is a thoroughly interesting book, and distinctly one to read, although the style is "breezy" rather than finished, and the author is too fond of interrupting his narrative to gossip about his father, a relative, or a friend. "My Days of Adventure" is an excellent title for Mr. Vizetelly's book, for there is a good deal that is truly adventurous and exciting as well as a good deal of keen observation in its pages.

By far the greatest interest attaches to those portions which relate to the siege of Paris, and the operations of the Prussian armies in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital. One gets a very good idea of the tortuous diplomacy which immediately preceded the events at Ems, and the declaration of war; and any impression that either the Empress of the French's ambition or the iron will of Bismarck were entirely to blame will be dispelled, or at all events greatly modified, by what Mr. Vizetelly has to tell us at first or good second hand.

The Franco-Prussian War of '70 and the events which led up to it are but a faint memory to most of those who were living at the time, and especially interesting and valuable is the information which Mr. Vizetelly gives of the plan of compaign and alliances which the Emperor Napoleon was engaged in drawing up, contracting, and perfecting when Bismarck compelled him to fight. In fact, I think Mr. Vizetelly has got nearer to the real facts of the case than many historians who make greater pretentions than he to write history. From his vivid pages one obtains a clear idea of the alliance of France, with Austria and Italy, which it was Napoleon's dream to bring about with the ultimate aim of crippling and overthrowing Prussia.

For this reason his pages form a really valuable contribution to unofficial, but I fancy unusually well informed, literature for students of the period. His book is a volume of reminiscences rather than a considered and co-ordinated study of the events with which Mr. Vizetelly was concerned. He has, however, that admirable gift of being illuminating and interesting; and, often one might suspect without actual intention, of seizing upon the vital episode or event. His book impresses one with the virtue of an "unedited" volume in which the author criticises and speaks as plainly of members of the French General Staff as of a brother journalist or his landlady. He is also wonderfully successful in enabling the average reader to comprehend some of the details of that Titanic struggle during which unprepared and deceived France was crushed by the machine-like efficiency and initiative of the German hosts. There are many interesting anecdotes of actual experiences of the siege, and of the shifts to which the Parisians were driven, and these convey a more vivid impression of the horrors of the time than many columns of figures of killed and wounded and of more detailed historical data.

Everyone who knows anything of the war of '70, or of the siege and fall of Paris is well aware of the hatred of the French peasant, and especially of the women, for their conquerors; and of the terrible doings of the *francs tireurs* who slew "the pigs of Prussians" when and where they could. Regarding one project, to form a corps of women, Mr. Vizetelly tells how M. Belly laid stress upon the fact that "only women of unexceptional moral character should be allowed to join the force." It being apparently felt that others might fall a prey to the blandishments of the enemy they were to extirpate, and thus defeat the object of their enrolment. M. Jules Allix had a scheme—his was one of many—for the employment of prussic acid in the killing of the hated Prussians, and this was to be applied by means

* "My Days of Adventure." By Ernest A. Vizetelly. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

of little india-rubber thimbles which the women were to wear on their fingers, each thimble having a sharp point at the tip, that would communicate the poison when the Prussians were scratched. "No matter how many of the enemy may assail her (the Parisienne), explained M. Allix, "she will simply have to prick them one by one, and we shall see her standing still pure and holy in the midst of a circle of corpses!"

This is an altogether entertaining and interesting book, and I fancy will supply a valuable amount of local colour to more "dry-as-dust" accounts of the same period.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

STURGE MOORE'S POEMS.*

"He who acts is the only splendid man,
Who works for him or holds a torch is brave:
Nay, one who merely listens at the door
But wills the deed, abashed receiveth praise."

So run the opening lines of one of Mr. Sturge Moore's new poems. It is a poem in part suggested by a passage in the "Electra" of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, but its thought is characteristic of Mr. Sturge Moore's outlook on life and his practice as a poet—this insistence on a grave and lofty level of living, alert for action; on the dignity and significance and range of human experience. There are poets who out of a few bright strands of romance, from their richer moods, and finer moments, weave a thing of beauty. The imagination is to them a haven and refuge. Their poetry is a kind of rare exotic, flourishing in spite and in defiance of the ordinary, a dream, wonderful but transitory, remembered on waking again into a world of commonplace reality. "In sleep we can believe, we, rapt and fain, Full knowledge of illusive beauty store . . ." Here we move not among dreams, but in an everyday of serene and gracious, but none the less intense, actuality.

"I would I were a god . . . to hoard . . .
All that Greece knew of beauty in her youth . . .
My life would be immured, nor e'er released
To learn how men from such fair gods rebelled. . . ."

That expresses a desire that has sprung from a past experience, as it were, of its fruition, a regret that such an experience cannot remain unbroken. Greece—its art immortalised by the centuries—is certainly far more this poet's native place than our roaring, amorphous London, congested with a life of inextricable complexities:

"Ah, nothing grieves that is itself:
Say, are these millions men
Who, boxed in slate-roofed rows, there sicken
For sea, forest or glen?"

In this poetry, the outcome of a composed, assured high attitude of mind, an unclouded clearness arches a landscape, wherein every tree, stream, bird or beast, seashell, flower, wave of the sea, is noble in its own kind, true to its own highest perfection of being. "Consider now the panther"—and such a beast as Adam gazed at with virgin wonder is pictured, steals out of the strange words and twisted phrases:

"Then all is glowing, like deep-treasured glee:
E'en butterflies might settle on this coat;
The shy gazelles may snuff full gingerly,—
Rich blossoms drown the odours they should note."

A kind of innocence, almost *naiveté*, of wisdom underlies the always close and intricate thought, as when Mr. Moore says of the python:

"Those cushion brows, with sullen show of thought,
Deceive the eye; so emery, cloaked in state
Of some mock scarlet berry needle-wrought,
Maketh a young child marvel at its weight."

Moreover, this Garden of Eden is no mirage. No other poet—unless Milton—gives with his words such solidity, such mass to all that they describe and create. It is as if three arts were here in practice as one, so clearly and closely colour, form and stability, and imaginative thought combine together to produce the effects of this extraordinarily original, idiosyncratic, and yet rarely extravagant or capricious verse. As Jacob wrestled with the angel, so Mr. Moore seems at times to have wrestled for expression, and his reader must share a tithe of the toil. But his reward is assured; the sun indeed rises upon him when he has passed over Penuel!

What sadness and despair this poetry has is only the frustrate longing—inseparable from the vicissitudes of poise and feeling—for a life even more urgent, a beauty, or rather essential state of being, less subject to mortal change and shadow. The melancholy is not in the nature of things themselves, but in consequence of the nature of him who cannot always perceive their true inward virtue. And so love itself cries, from beneath its burden of every conceivable kind of conventional and temporal clothes: "Would that I might be naked Adam, And you, like Eve, run bare." To regain this insight, no sacrifice, no discipline can be too severe. Only suffering and grief can purge the eyes, and free the heart again. For

". . . those who suffer are released
From a close prison of dark sense:
Their pains are as a mother's eased,
Their child is more than recompense."

But in order to be naked in any true sense at this late day one must strip, and to strip entails one's having dressed up; and dressing up must be itself a discipline. So, when Mr. Sturge Moore turns to childhood (whose clouds of glory have given place to swaddling bands), his verse is for the most part instructive, ceremonious, adult. In this volume is reprinted "The Little School," a collection of twenty-two poems for children, which first appeared—and disappeared—in 1905. It is a school in which Joy is chief usher, Love keeps the rod, and the class-rooms are in the playground. None the less, teaching is taught there. Lesson from bird and water, from Jonathan and Goliath, for hand and foot and heart and eye—so run the hours of this calm placid, English day. "Kate knows a thing or two useful at home, Darns like a fairy"; possibly her petticoats, and "Quick," says the Wind, "hold your petticoats down, Or with heads in their folds you will sail through the town." All Mr. Moore's fairies are good folk—can they be of Grecian descent? They not only darn, but keep bedrooms tidy and make good money for it, not beech leaves. There are plenty of rhymes for children made for sheer jollity's sake. Cautionary tales long since stormed the nursery. Mr. Moore's poems for children are neither the one nor the other. A serene and tender regard shines in them. And what a picture he can hang up, not as an earthly story with a heavenly meaning, but for the mere delight of unclouded eyes:

"The four sails of the mill,
Like stocks stand still;
Their lantern-length is white
On blue more bright.

Unruffled is the mead
Where lambkins feed,
And sheep and cattle browse,
And donkeys drowse.

Never the least breeze will
The wet thumb chill
That the anxious miller lifts,
Till the vane shifts.

The breeze in the great flour-bin
Is snug tucked in;
The lubber, while rats thieve,
Laughs in his sleeve."

W. D.

* "The Sea is Kind." By T. Sturge Moore. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Novel Notes.

HIS OFFICIAL FIANCÉE. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions.) 6s. Hutchinson.

For a light, amusing novel there is always a grateful public, and we have not the slightest doubt that the author of "His Official Fiancée" will meet with a reward as generous as it is well-earned. Mrs. Onions is at no pains

to adhere too strictly to probability, and she demands from her readers a very large share of the ever-necessary "willing suspension of disbelief." The heroine herself was as surprised as any reader could be when, instead of receiving the expected dismissal, she was offered five hundred pounds by the dreaded young head of the firm to pretend for one year to be his fiancée. From this develops a series of genuinely humorous situations, due to the unexpected enthusiasm with which the "Governor's" family receive the bride-elect. With admirable skill Mrs. Onions describes how the tables were turned upon the astute city man by his ex-typist. The complexity of the plot is not likely to baffle the foresight of the experienced reader, whose pleasures of anticipation we must not frustrate save by hinting the assurance of a happy ending, inevitable for so pleasant a story. With a theme of this kind the telling is everything. Mrs. Onions has carried it off with an infectious gaiety, and it is only fair to say that the characters are drawn with a force and distinctness such as any bald outline of the plot would scarcely warrant the reader in expecting. The city office is excellently drawn, and the three typists really live and have their vulgar being. Perhaps it was due to association with the latter that the heroine's own style of speech savours rather astonishingly of office slang, although she is a lady by birth. Ingeniously contrived and cleverly written, "His Official Fiancée" is as entertaining and lively a holiday novel as the heart of man (or woman) could desire.

Photo by Beresford. **Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions.)**

MR. AND MRS. HARBOTTLE. By F. J. Randall. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

There comes a time when even the most serious of us gets a little tired of novels that are studies in more or less abnormal temperaments; of novels that are disguised tracts on social, moral, psychological or other such problems; of novels that are supposed to be very particularly literary because they treat the sordid, merely sexual side of humanity as if that were the whole of life; and at such a time, when we grow tired of them and look round for some book that only aims to amuse us, we shall be happy if our eyes and our hands happen to light upon "Mr. and Mrs. Harbottle." Mr. Randall has already proved himself, in his "Love and the Ironmonger," and in "Somebody's Luggage," one of the quaintest, most delightful of living humorists, and in his latest book he strikes a more riotously farcical vein than in either of his former tales. Mr. and Mrs. Harbottle are a pair of dwellers in a London suburb, and in their social ambitions, their relations with their friends and neighbours, their holiday adventures, domestic trials, and the business, mishaps, and general events of their everyday lives, Mr. Randall has found abundant material for a series of stories that are whimsical, grotesque, extravagant, inspired with the liveliest spirit of irresponsible fun. It is a book you do not want to criticise; you do not read it with that object; you read it to be amused, and amused you are. It is nothing but a bookful of laughter; from "Obliging a Neighbour" at the beginning to "A Moving Job" at the end, it keeps you joyously entertained. Mr. Arthur Clarke's thirty-two illustrations are cleverly drawn and admirably in tune with the burlesque humour of the stories.

MAID OF THE MIST. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Oxenham's most recent novel is a love story with a very novel setting. A young doctor in days when the English law was less rigid than it is now, ruins his own reputation in the effort to shield a woman from its vigilance, and leaves the country, his brilliant career suddenly at an end; he goes away to find new life in a different land, and the life he finds is new indeed. The vessel in which he embarks is wrecked off Sable Island, near Nova Scotia, and he and the mate are the only two who escape from death. There, living on the salvage from the "dead boats"—relics of former wrecks—they dwell together in peace till a girl is rescued from the sea by the mate, and through the doctor's untiring energy is restored to life. That the doctor should grow to care for her is almost inevitable, and gradually a great love springs up between them which turns the bleak ridge of sand rising out of the wastes of sea into a veritable Garden of Eden. Mr. Oxenham gives vivid descriptions of the desolation of the island, haunted only by weird, shrieking birds, and goes into minute details regarding the lives and the ways of living of those who are forced to make it their home; while his account of the mate's gruesome death is terribly realistic. It is an original and intensely interesting story, written in a pleasant, picturesque style which will assure it a popular welcome.

SO THE WORLD WAGS. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Keble Howard's dialogues have already found a wide and responsive audience on their journalistic appearance. In this volume he adds to the many proofs he has already given of his intimate acquaintance with various sides of London life, and of his ability to express it in crisp and humorous conversation. Mr. Howard has hit on the excellent device of presenting each subject in the form of three short dialogues; representing, broadly, the so-called upper, middle, and lower classes. Thus poetry is agreeably discussed first by the poet and his friend; again by Mrs. Beckenham and Mrs. Finchley, as representing suburbia; and finally we have the emphatic condemnation of Bill and 'Arry, who define poetry as "shovin' some blinkin' muck dahn on pyper . . . Wot beats me is as any bloke 'as ver fice ter tike ver brawse. 'E must know as 'e aint earned it!" Often the effect of contrast is got by other, though similar devices, as in the threefold criticism of Parliament—"On the Terrace." "In the Smoking-Room," and "Outside," and the significances of the phrase "Term Begins," to father, mother, and Harold. Such is the excellent brevity of Mr. Howard's wit, that he is able to illuminate an astonishing number of subjects. We heartily commend this pleasant volume, the humour of which lightly veils sound sense and sharp insight. Time will add to its historical value as a brief abstract and chronicle of our day.

THE LOST TRIBES. By George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"George A. Birmingham" may belong to the transition class which leaves us in doubt as to whether to call him by his lay pseudonym or his canonical title, but there is no hesitation about his writing or the response of laughter it awakens in us. Druminawona is a fresh spot dotted on the map of Hannayland or Brummia, whatever his own created territory is to be ultimately called, and it is none the less the neighbour and counterpart of Ballyfoy and those other comic villages of his because it has American bearings. Perhaps after the canon's recent visit to the West and the success of his Irish-American comedy, it was inevitable that he should sprinkle a star-and-stripe interest over the present novel while the brush of Western enthusiasm is in his hand. He brings over to County Galway the pious and energetic widow of a Protestant Irishman who had made a fortune in the States, renounced Rome and all its works, and nailed his reputation to the irrevocable belief that the Irish people were descendants of the ten tribes of Israel which got mislaid or something in the general rumpus and upheaval of the Assyrian Empire. It needs nothing but an acquaintance with the Canon's previous books to see what he can make a Galway village do when it once gets inoculated with a wild Western notion like that, especially in charge of a woman (not to say a faithful "relict") like Mrs. Nathan P. Dann. Like the fresh specimens he gives us of the native clergy and their flock, Mrs. Dann is worth going all the way from Beersheba to meet. She adds sunshine to a thoroughly healthy and amusing story, and if ever she appears in any other of the Canon's works, we hope to be on the reception committee.

BETTY. By C. N. Postlethwaite. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

"Betty" is a charming historical romance with a North Country setting. The hero, a young country squire, falls in love with a distant relative who is lower in the social scale than himself. She is, indeed, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and there is naturally some opposition to the marriage. In fact, the hero has to prove his worth, in the Napoleonic wars, and Betty to have a season in Town (where she becomes the rage) before the course of true love runs smoothly. There is no lack of incident in the narrative, and Mr. Postlethwaite writes delightfully of the countryside as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century. The result is that "Betty" is one of the most promising historical novels written by one who appears to be the best "first" author that we have come across for a long time.

DR. IVOR'S WIFE. By Mary Kernahan. 6s. (George Allen.)

The theme of this story might be described as "The Taming of the Brute." Margaret Beresford, the charming young schoolmistress, amazes all her friends and her sister by consenting to marry Philip Ivor, the truculent parent of her favourite pupil. The case seemed black against Margaret, seeing that a fortune depended on the taking place of this amazing marriage. The story describes in a very interesting manner Margaret's subtle transformation of the doctor's untidy household, and suggests the growth of a love that both were too proud to admit. The difficulty was to arrive at a crisis which would compel the breaking down of this barrier of reserve, and we are bound to confess that the solution is attained by a strategem scarcely permissible even to a beloved sister—Margaret, in a word, is tricked into a confession in the presence of her unseen husband; and it is a nice point in ethics whether this can be justified by results. The transformation of the doctor is one of those drastic changes that the older dramatic critics condemned as "a conversion"; but the story is written with marked ability, and handles a somewhat delicate situation powerfully but with artistic reticence.

A FREE HAND. By Helen C. Roberts. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Miss Helen Roberts has written a fascinating novel round the commonplace son of commonplace parents Her skill in characterisation, her quiet humour, the shrewd observation which she discloses in a multitude of minute yet telling touches, have never been shown to better advantage. The story of Ridley Courage covers many years and many milestones. By the time the last page is reached, the schoolboy of the opening chapters has become a man of middle age on the threshold of his second marriage. Ridley's father keeps a respectable little stationer's shop in the old town of Lewes, and when first we meet him is busy stocking souvenirs in the shape of photographs and pin-trays in anticipation of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Ridley has enough of the adventurous spirit of the ordinary boy to rebel against the destiny he sees ahead of him: "I know all the other chaps go into their father's shops when they're fifteen; and I'm fifteen next month. But I don't want to . . . not in the shop . . . not in the shop with Flora. . . . I should hate it! And there's something else I want to do. . . . I've always wanted . . . for years, no end of years. . . ." But neither the shop nor Ridley's "something else" is to determine the boy's future. His mother has a scheme of her own; she has saved money and is resolved that Ridley shall become a gentleman "just the same as Lawyer Dawes's own sons." Ridley shall become a dentist. The story of Ridley's career in Brighton, in London, in Southampton, and of his folly in marrying a woman who loved her profession more than her husband is as engrossing and vivid as a piece of authe tic biography.

THE CROWNING GLORY. By E. R. Punshon. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Crowning Glory" possesses that rare naturalness which characterises all Mr. E. R. Punshon's novels, and never allows their realism to become mere sordidness. The plot concentrates around twin sisters, Judith and Sophia, who, though they have been brought up together, and have a genuine sisterly affection for each other, are so widely different in their characters and general outlooks that Sophia, the practical, business-like girl, finds it impossible to fathom the spiritual, psychic nature of Judith. It is a most unusual type of story, where worldly things—as worldly as the Stock Exchange and a London office—

Mary Kernahan
(Mrs. Charles Harris).

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

rub shoulders with the supernatural; and it relates which of the two girls attains her ambition, winning at last the crowning glory—Sophia, striving passionately for success in the money-market; or Judith, with that mysterious desire in her heart which prompts every action in her life, giving her powers beyond human power and an insight into the unknown. Mr. Punshon's view of life is distinctly refreshing and wholesome; his characters are skilfully drawn, his women characters particularly, and the reader's interest in their differing fates is cleverly sustained throughout.

THREE AGAINST THE WORLD. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The novel-reading public which demands a happy ending at all costs will close "Three Against the World" with something akin to anger. It is bad enough when the leading love-stories go hopelessly wrong, but it is little short of an outrage to allow the cad who has caused most of the trouble to have all the wedding bells to himself at the end. An author who can tell a story with the skill of Sheila Kaye-Smith, however, can afford to defy the conventions. Whether we like her plot or not, she holds our interest throughout, and everyone who loves that sequestered corner where the three counties of Kent, Surrey and Sussex meet, will be grateful for a background which revives a thousand memories of the glories of Ashdown Forest, the hammer ponds below Holtye Common, and secluded Cowden, with its fairy-haunted woods and its church with the crooked steeple. It is a tale of a young farmer who falls through dabbling in finance, and of the ruin which he brings upon his devoted sister and brother. Together they face the world, until one of them dies, and the other two, after dreaming of love and discovering at last that it is sweeter in dream than in realisation, are left to start a fresh life together in the larger world of London.

A GIRL'S MARRIAGE. By Agnes Gordon Lennox. 6s. (Lane.)

Fay Beaumont, the heroine of Miss Gordon Lennox's novel is equally aggravating and fascinating. The cause of both qualities, perhaps, is her astonishing innocence, which nobody seems to have thought it worth while to enlighten. She has not the slightest conception of what is meant by marriage, but the brothers with whom she lived—her parents were dead—took her knowledge for granted. She is for ever putting people into false positions. First of all her brother Pat, in order to comfort her when the unexpected news of her eldest brother's engagement is broken to her, promises that he will never marry. Then when Pat has fallen in love, Fay forces a secret wedding upon Lord Malcolm Kinross, in order to absolve her brother from his promise. Lord Malcolm is then faced with what to him is an insoluble question, while Fay promptly leaves him and has a bad bout of brain fever. Before she has completely recovered Lord Malcolm is killed in an accident, and a couple of years later Fay, still to a great extent unconscious of what she is doing, consents to marry another man, who is allowed to offer her no more than friendship. The birth of love in jealousy is deferred to the end of the book, but when it does come it makes Fay a human being. Miss Gordon Lennox has some of the faults of the amateur, but she tells an incredible story very fairly well on the whole, while her delineation of character gives promise of better things to come. And in whatever else she fails, we are grateful that she does contrive to arouse and to hold the reader's interest.

The Bookman's Table.

IN PURSUIT OF SPRING. By Edward Thomas. 5s. net. (Nelson & Sons.)

One of these fine days someone will come forward with a repentant (and we hope a representative) pen and do the same kind of justice to Mr. Thomas and his writings that he himself does in the course of these pages to the literary services of Mr. Hudson. Perhaps this act of associating the two names will serve our purpose without further argument, for Mr. Hudson of late has had just that recognition in arrears which Mr. Thomas still has due to him. After all, it is the common fate of a man who prefers a luxuriant versatility to specialisation and the gratitude the public always accords in time to the man who concentrates good effort in a definite direction. Mr. Thomas reminds us, in his distributive tastes, of the figure that Coleridge applied to Sir Thomas More and his wit—he scatters his thought like a prodigal, everywhere, but all the more freely where there is every chance of its going unnoted. Happily we are beginning to set more store than we did by the kind of nature-worship and wayside philosophy in which Mr. Thomas excels, and there is so marked and loyal a cult of the West country that this new book of his is secure of remembrance, apart from its merits. For it is a great act of homage to the beauties of the mid-southern counties and the western hinterland, but more especially the region we may call the instep of the Devon peninsula. There, with Coleridge for company, and Barnes, and Hardy, and the hills that gave them "kindly engendure," a prose-poet like Mr. Thomas cannot fail to be at his best, and at his best he is. He mingles good travel hints with pleasant digressions into literature and life, and out of a well-thought-out scheme contrives to bring just that touch of happy random which some of us are "toiling all our lives to find." The further the author goes in these happy-go-lucky visitations, the better we shall be pleased.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE NETHERLANDS. By Charles Pears. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Author and artist too, Mr. Charles Pears has before given us a pleasant volume descriptive of a voyaging "From the Thames to the Seine," and he here follows it up with an account of a voyage in the waterways of Zealand and along the Belgian coast to Dunquerque, and so home—an account which will surely move adventurous lovers of salt water, who have some knowledge of seamanship and command of a little yacht, to go and do likewise. "Men might somewhere be making big deals, in the train of which wealth would come; others be receiving much-sought honours, and small men be slipping into the shoes of bigger ones, chuckling whilst taking the chance of a lifetime. What cared I?—we are doing the right thing, the wild thing—filling our lungs with good fresh air, and bowling along with a breeze." The "we," it should be said, consisted of the writer-artist and his fourteen-year-old son, for such formed the full complement of the seven-tonner "Rose." In this little craft, but twenty-five feet long, and nine feet three inches at her widest, did the adventurers go last August from the Thames estuary across the North Sea to the estuary of the Scheldt and about the water-ways of Holland. Many who would like to do this lack the opportunity, and as many, it may confidently be said, lack

the courage; but all will be able to enjoy the trip vicariously in Mr. Pears' bright and friendly pages, thanks to his lively pen, his ready pencil, and his delightful brush.

AN UNKNOWN SON OF NAPOLEON. By Hector Fleischmann. Translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. With 9 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

The hero of this vivacious and entertaining biography, Count Léon, rightly or wrongly believed himself to be an illegitimate son of Napoleon. There are arguments on both sides, but M. Fleischmann seems to believe that in this point at least he was right. The gallant Count "flourished" in an atmosphere of barefaced and fascinating roguery—which developed later into a curious mysticism—principally during the reign of Napoleon III. That, at least, is the period when he comes most prominently to the front. Taken for all in all he was certainly a scamp, but equally certainly an amusing one, and the present record of his life makes better light reading than do most novels. Mr. Allinson's translation is particularly fluent and it seems to catch the spirit of the original with much success.

THE LAND OF THE LOTUS. By J. M. Graham. Illustrated. (Arrowsmith.)

Mrs. Graham's "Land of the Lotus" is India—and her book is a vivacious account of her experiences as a housewife in that leisurely country. Probably they are experiences which many other Englishwomen have gone through, but the stay-at-home will not find them any the worse reading on that account. For the author has both humour—of the obvious and also of the subtle variety—and freshness, and these qualities redeem her book from any suspicion of staleness. While the writer's experience has been principally of life in Southern India, she includes also a series of amusing chapters upon a tour through the more famous cities of the northern and central provinces. And now that it is all over, the writer still has her "hours of longing for the land of the lotus, with its subtle scents, its impenetrable solitudes, and its unfathomable peoples." There are many other people like that.

TIGER. By Witter Bynner. 1s. net. (D. J. Rider.)

Mr. Witter Bynner's "Tiger" is a one-scene drama of quite exceptional realistic and imaginative power. Its subject is not a pleasant one; it deals with a phase of the white slave traffic, but handles the theme with such a strong sense of its reality and with such right artistic reticence that the thing is a piece of literature, and the most puritanical could say no word in its dispraise. In a few pages the whole story is told; five characters are minutely individualised—they are not explained by the author, but explain themselves in their words and actions—with the most clear and biting realism, and in less than a page at the end the drama takes an unexpected and surprising turn and drives home such a lesson as would have been in keeping with some fourteenth-century morality play. There is not a superfluous word in the story. You may say that the conclusion is melodramatic; but some of the greatest moments in actual life are that. We doubt if so much of actual life and of appalling significance were ever packed into such small compass before; many writers would have spent a page or two on what Mr. Bynner crams with startling effectiveness into two lines, spoken by two characters, at the finish. We have never heard of Mr. Witter Bynner before; but we are confident that we shall hear more of him.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mrs. H. H. Penrose has placed the scene of **Burnt Flax** (6s.), her latest novel, in Ireland, and chosen one of that country's many periods of unrest and rebellion around which to weave her story. She has captured the atmosphere of thirty years ago, and behind the love and life and laughter of the Fitzpatricks, a wealthy Irish family who determine to settle down on their own estate in Ireland, can be heard the discontented mutterings of the downtrodden peasants, mutterings that grow louder and louder and break forth in flames of revolt. Maurice Dillon, the agent on Glanmore estate, the man who has persuaded his uncle, Colonel Fitzpatrick, to make his home among his tenants, realizes his mistake when the Colonel decides to evict all those peasants who cannot pay up the full rent for their cabins. This stringent measure, at such a time, places the Colonel's life in danger, and he is obliged to fly from the country. Maurice and the Colonel's daughter, to whom he is engaged, are both upright, courageous characters, who can see with unbiassed judgment the errors of both landlord and tenant; but the heart of the novel is the secret love of Anastasia, a peasant-girl, for Maurice Dillon—a wonderful, peaceful simple love, that flows, deep and quiet, through all the upheaval and rioting, and Mrs. Penrose writes of it with a very real tenderness and pathos. The Irish characters are cleverly drawn, and there are touches of humour in the book that help towards making it all thoroughly enjoyable.

Photo by Lieut. Claude L. Penrose, R.A. **Mrs. Penrose,** at work in her bungalow at Frimley Green, Surrey.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

In **Snake and Sword** (6s.), Mr. Percival Christopher Wren tells the story of an heroic person who suffers from an intense dread of snakes, caused by a distressing experience of his mother's immediately before his birth. Throughout the whole of his youth and early manhood the life of Damocles de Warrenne is embittered by this antipathy, which is so pronounced that even the picture of a snake will throw him into a fit. In spite of his athleticism, his hardihood and his courage, this one failing earns him a reputation as a coward, he is cut off by his relations, and compelled to enlist in a cavalry regiment. Salvation comes eventually through another pre-natal influence—the courage with which he is inspired by a seventeenth century sword. It is a rousing, exciting story which Mr. P. C. Wren tells, and it has the advantage of a love interest which is far less mawkish and less perfunctory than in most books of its type. More seriously, it presents a convincingly vivid picture of the life of a gentleman ranker in England and India, and the sporting reader will be thrilled by a couple of excellently described boxing matches. "Snake and Sword" is a book which will appeal strongly to readers of a good many different types.

MESSRS. JOHN RICHMOND.

In **The Winged Anthology** (3s. 6d. net), Miss Irene Osgood and Mr. Horace Wyndham have brought together a very charming selection of poems relating to birds, butterflies and moths. They have had the whole field of English poetry to select from, and the result of their labours is evidence of wide and varied reading, and a happily catholic taste. From Spenser to Thomas Hardy is a long range, and they have rifled the treasuries of about a hundred and fifty poets for some three hundred poems, arranging the spoils lucidly and conveniently under subject headings such as "Birds in General," "The Albatross," "The Blackbird," "The Dove," "The Eagle," "The Lark," "The Nightingale," "The Thrush," "The Wren," and many another, in alphabetical order, and so coming to a section reserved to "Butterflies and Moths." Contemporary poets are as fully represented as are the poets of the past, among the former being Thomas Hardy, Le Gallienne, Watts-Dunton, Austin Dobson, W. H. Davies, Katharine Tynan, William Canton, Selwyn Image, St. John Adcock, Charles G. D. Roberts, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and many more. It is a book that will delight lovers of the winged races and lovers of poetry with some of the daintiest, most fanciful and musical things that have been written in English verse.